

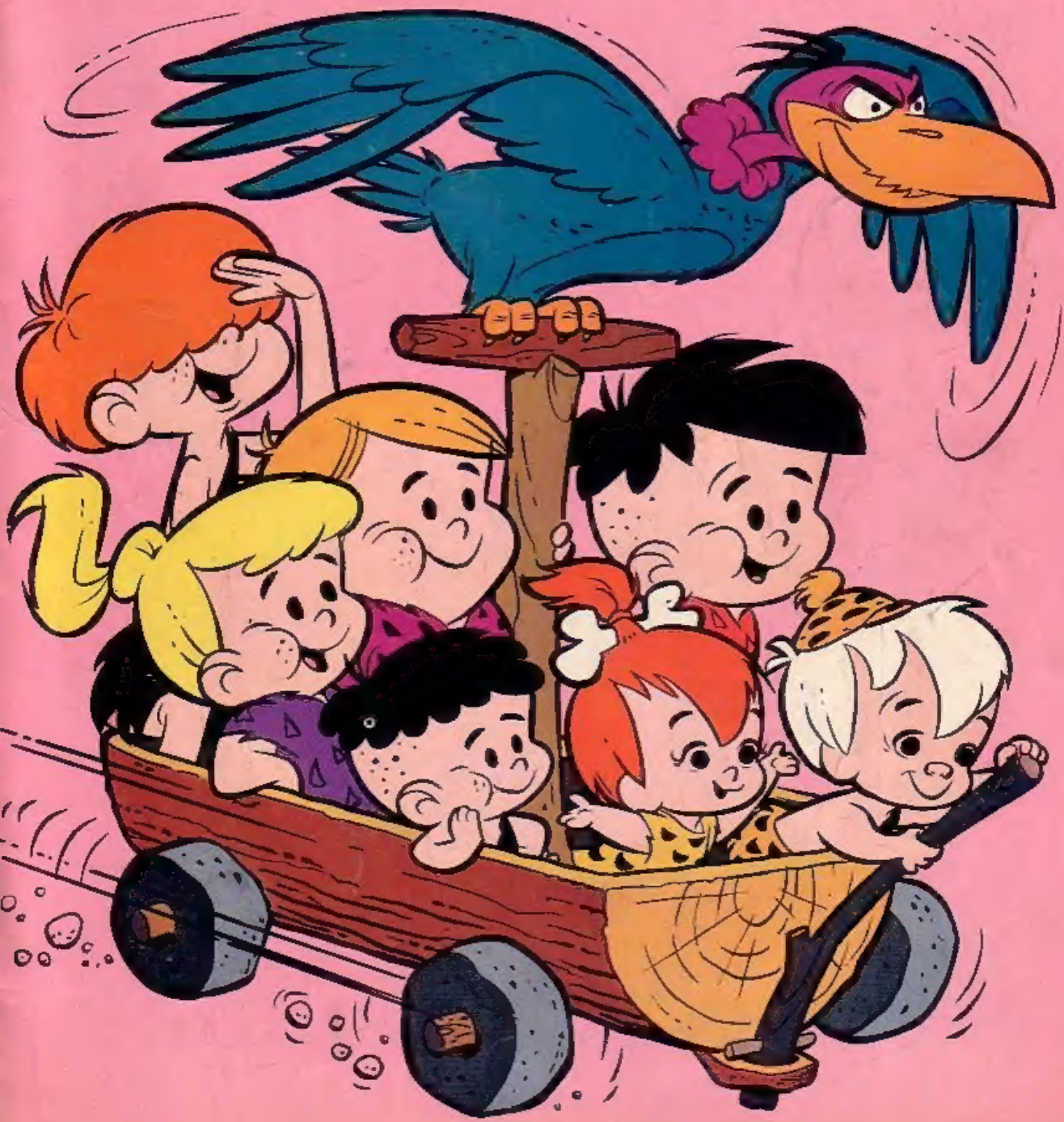


CAVE KIDS *GE*

12c

# HANNA-BARBERA CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

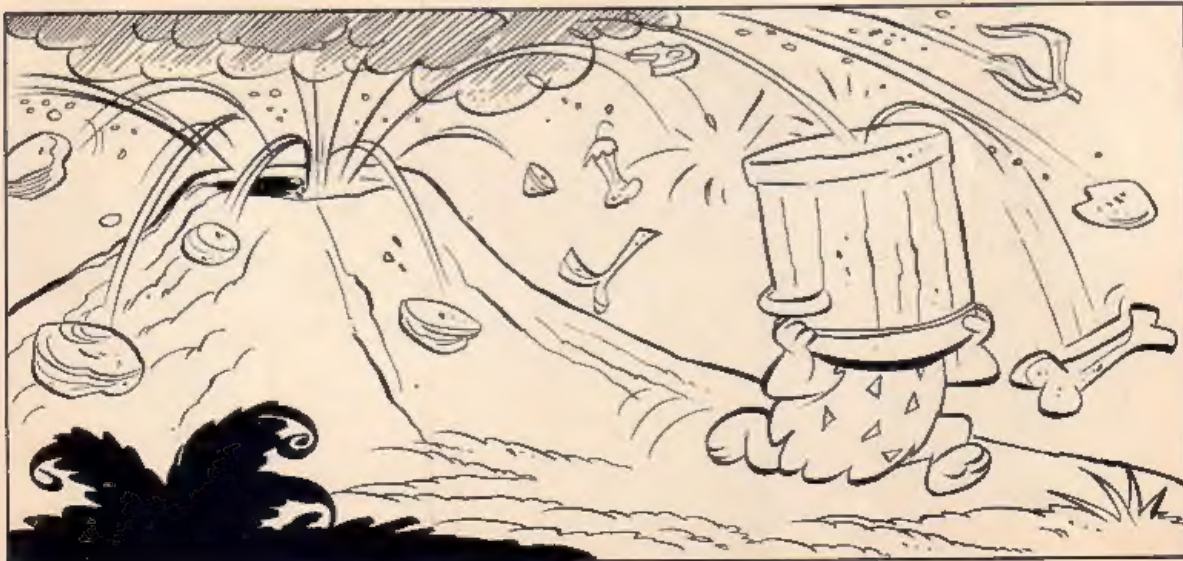
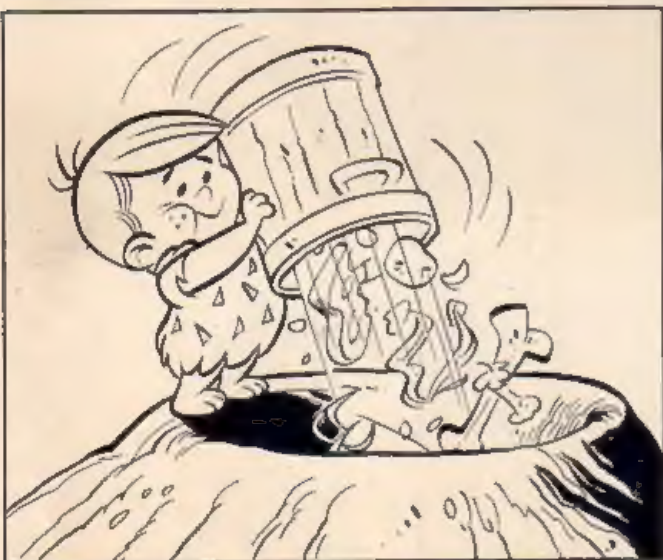


10044-506  
JUNE



Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

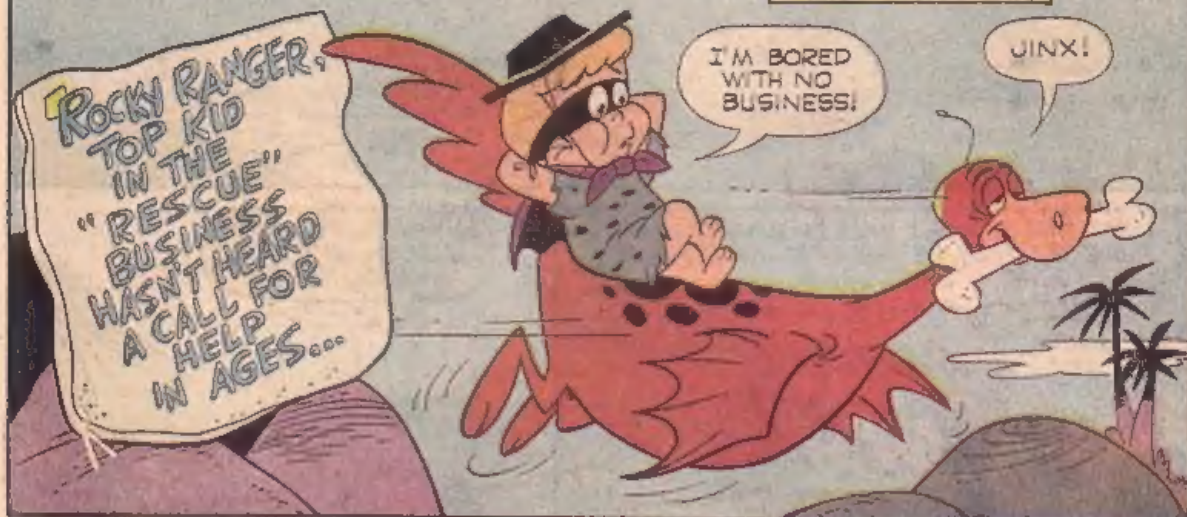




Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

## THE PHONY FOSSILS



AND IZZY EINSTONE, JUVENILE FOSSIL FINDER, HASN'T FOUND EVEN A USED WISHBONE IN ETERNITIES...



SUDDENLY, ROCKY'S FEEBLE STEED, FLAPPY, HITS AN AIR POCKET...



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.

CAVE KIDS, No. 9, June, 1965. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



AND FLAPPY FLIES ON, WITH A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS MISSING... ONLY HE CAN'T QUITE PUT HIS FINGER ON IT...

DUH-H!

SPLASH!

SPLOSH!

UGH! I'VE LANDED IN IZZY EINSTONE'S PLASTER THAT HE USES TO MAKE MOLDS OF FOSSILS...

GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

(WHEW!) IT'S FAST HARDENING... I CAN HARDLY MOVE!

BLOSH!

FOR A CHANGE I'LL SEE IF I CAN FISH ANY FOSSILS OUT OF THE TAR PIT!

HEY! I'VE GOT A WHOPPER!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO WASH OFF THE GOOK AND SEE WHAT IT IS!



I COULD BECOME A  
FAMOUS FOSSIL-ER  
AS A RESULT  
OF THIS!

**SPLOOSH!**

WOW! IT...IT'S THE SKULL  
OF A REAL WEIRDO!

I  
RESENT  
THAT!

BUT, OF COURSE, IF IZZY  
HAD X-RAY EYES HE COULD  
SEE THAT ALL HE HAS IS  
**ROCKY RANGER...**

LOOKIT  
THOSE  
**TEETH!**

FOOEY!

I HOPE I CAN FIND THE  
REST OF HIS SKELETON!

SIGH!  
AT LEAST  
THERE ARE  
ENOUGH TINY  
AIR HOLES IN  
THIS PLASTER  
TO ENABLE ME  
TO BREATHE!

YAY! I  
FOUND HIS  
LEG  
BONE!

EH?  
MUST BE  
THE SOUP  
BONE  
FLAPPY  
DROPPED!

BUT TRY AS HE DOES,  
IZZY JUST CAN'T COME UP  
WITH ANY MORE BONES...

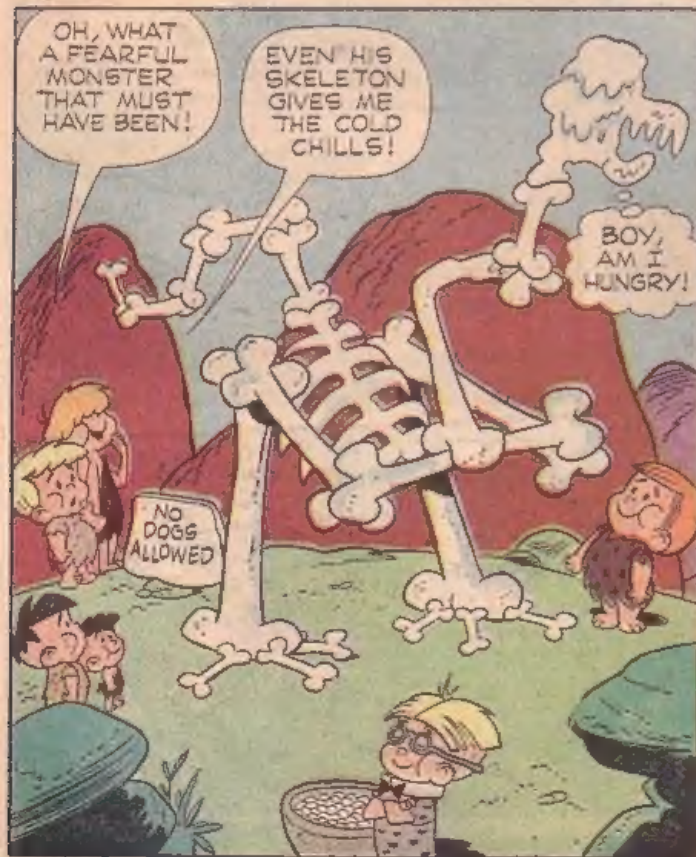
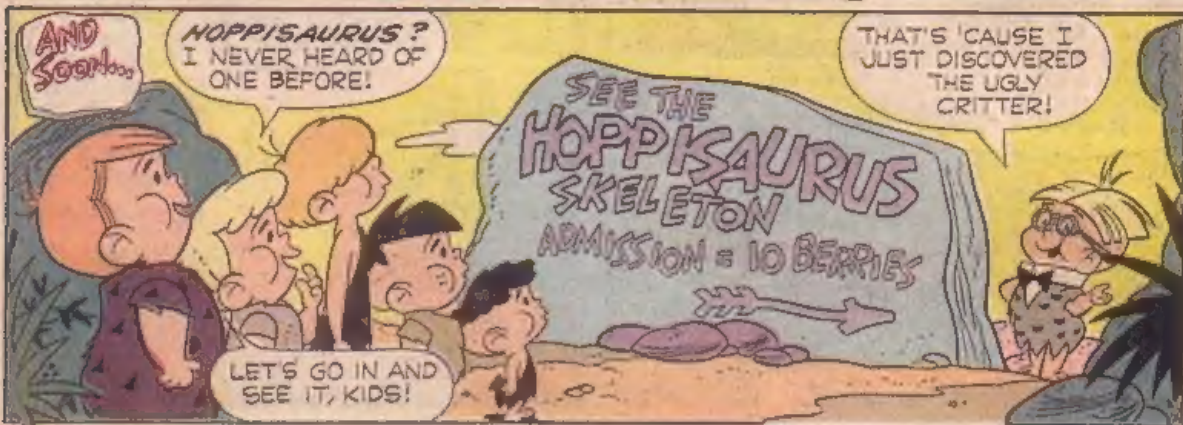
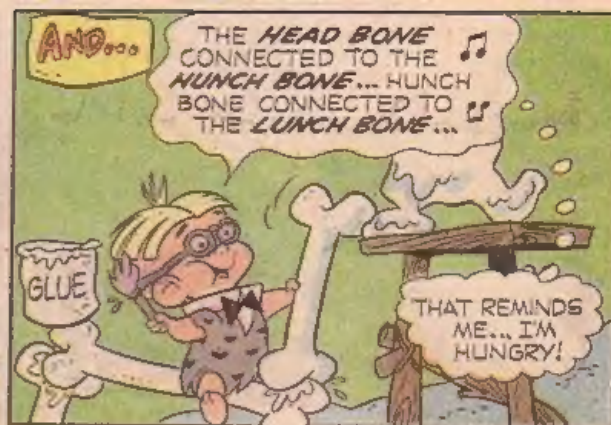
(WHEW!)  
I'M TIRED  
OF TAR-PIT  
FISHIN'!

HMM... BUT  
IT'S OBVIOUS  
FROM THIS  
**STURDY  
LEG BONE**  
THAT THIS WAS  
A CREATURE  
THAT DID A  
LOT OF  
**HOPPING!**

**BRIGHT IDEA**

WHY, IT WAS A  
**HOPPIDSAURUS,**  
OF COURSE!







WHILE BACK AT THE BONE-SHOW...

LISTEN TO MY  
HUNGRY TUMMY  
GROWL!

**GROWL-L!**

**WOW!**  
A HAUNTED  
SKULL!

I'M  
S-SCARED!

YEAH! WE'RE  
REALLY GETTING  
OUR MONEY'S  
WORTH!

JUST THEN FLAPPY  
ZEEPS-IN ON HIS  
BELOVED SOUP BONE...

WHOOPS! LOOK  
OUT FOR LOW-  
FLYING SAURUS  
CRAFT!

SUPBN!

**ZOOM!**

YMM!

HEY!  
LEGGO  
OF THAT  
LEG  
BONE!

ONLY A FLAPPYSAURUS  
AND HIS SOUP BONE  
ARE NOT EASILY PARTED,  
BUT A MAKESHIFT  
HOPPISSAURUS FORM  
IS EASILY PARTED...

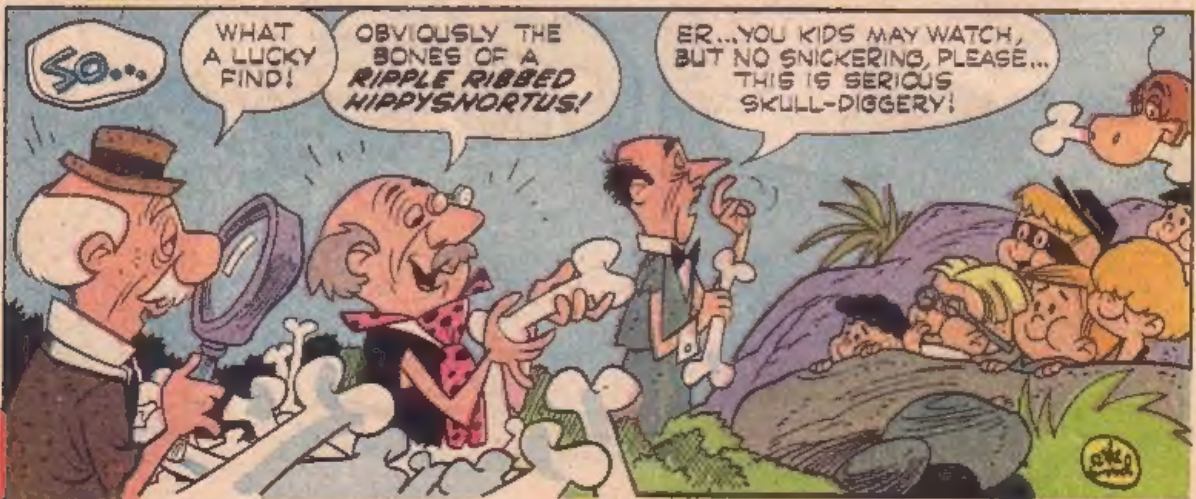
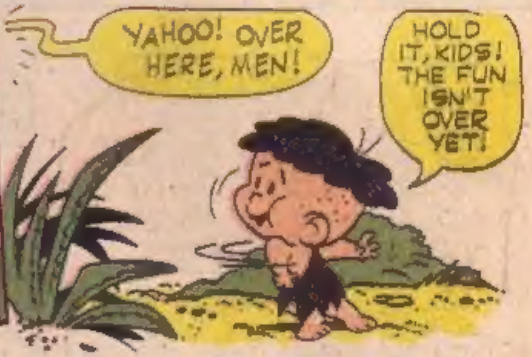
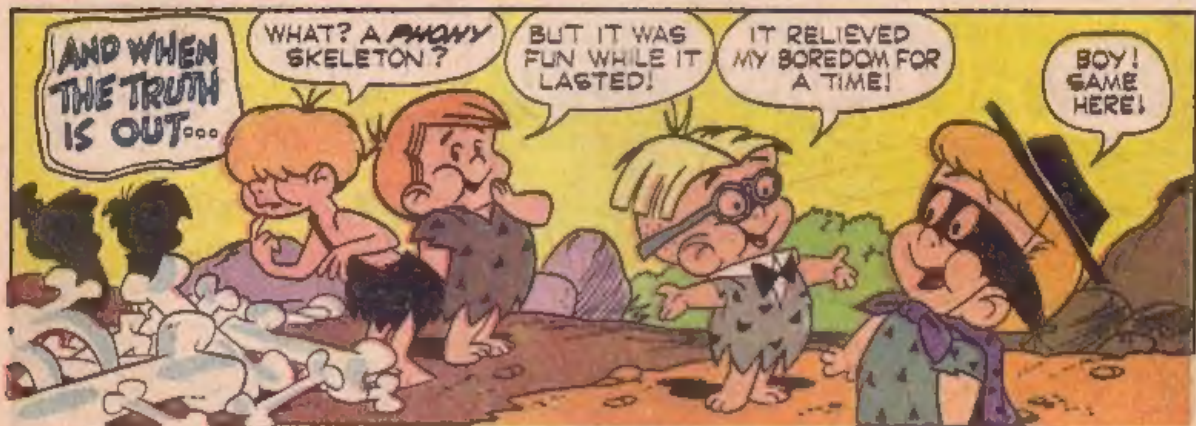
SUPBNZ-  
GOOT!

AWK!  
THE  
SKULL  
HAS  
CRACKED!

YOU BIG DUNCE!  
YOU'VE BUSTED-UP  
A GREAT SCIENTIFIC  
EXHIBIT!

**CRASH!**







Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

SMALL-TYPE  
MYSTERY

THE CAVE KIDS ARE QUIETLY  
MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS,  
WHEN MUCH TO THEIR  
HORROR...

BONK!

OW!

S-SMALL STUFF'S  
CLUB JUST HIT HIM...  
ALL BY ITSELF!

...AND  
FOR NO  
REASON!

EEEK! NOW OUR  
BEACHBALL IS  
BEWITCHED!

BOOP!

BOOP!

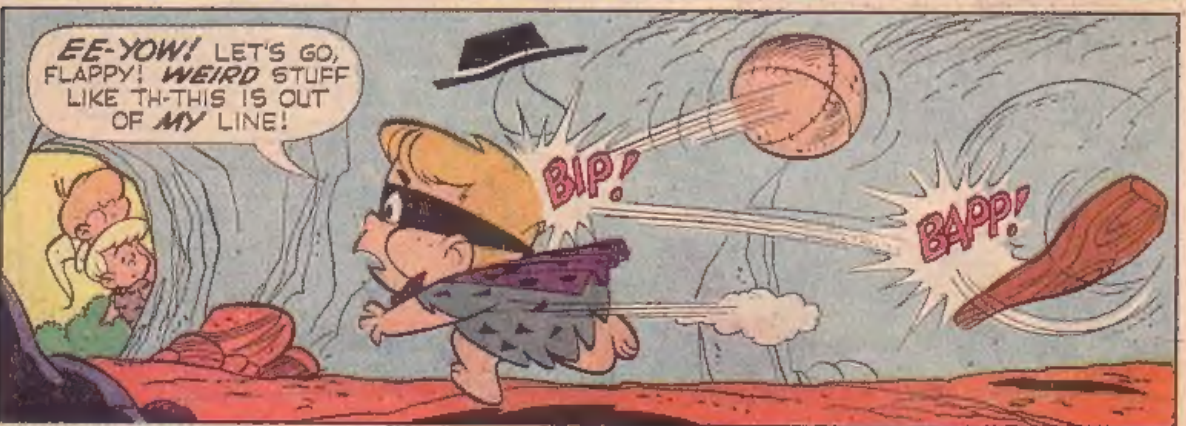
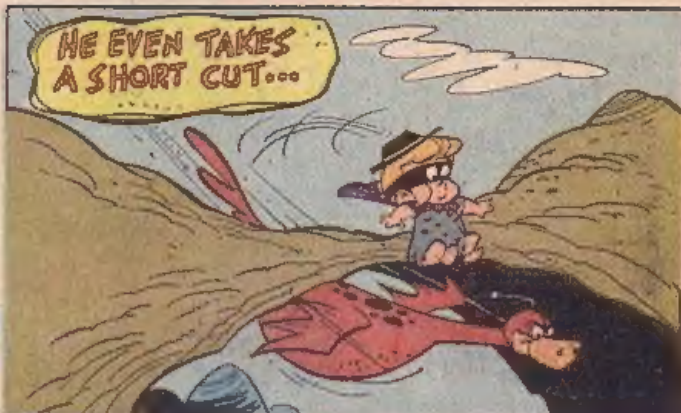
HALP!

CAVE  
KIDS

AND ONLY A HOP, FLAP AND A  
FLIGHT AWAY, ROCKY RANGER  
RISES IN RESPONSE...

COMING,  
KIDS!







WH-WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOUR FAVORITE **HERO** TURNS CHICKEN?

WELL, LIKE HE SAID... IT'S TOO **WEIRD!**

SAY... THEN I KNOW **JUST** THE ONE WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US.

So...

YOU'RE AN EXPERT ON **SUPERNATURAL** STUFF, GYPSY... UNV NX OUR CAVE.

WELL... I DON'T KNOW.

GYPSY CRYSTAL FORTUNES TOLD

JUST TELL US **WHY** WEIRD THINGS ARE HAPPENING.

**EEK!**

IT'S JUST PLAIN **SPOOKY**, THAT'S ALL!

**CRASH!**

So, THEY ADD UP THE SCORE...

ONE CHICKEN HERO!

ONE BUSTED CRYSTAL BALL...

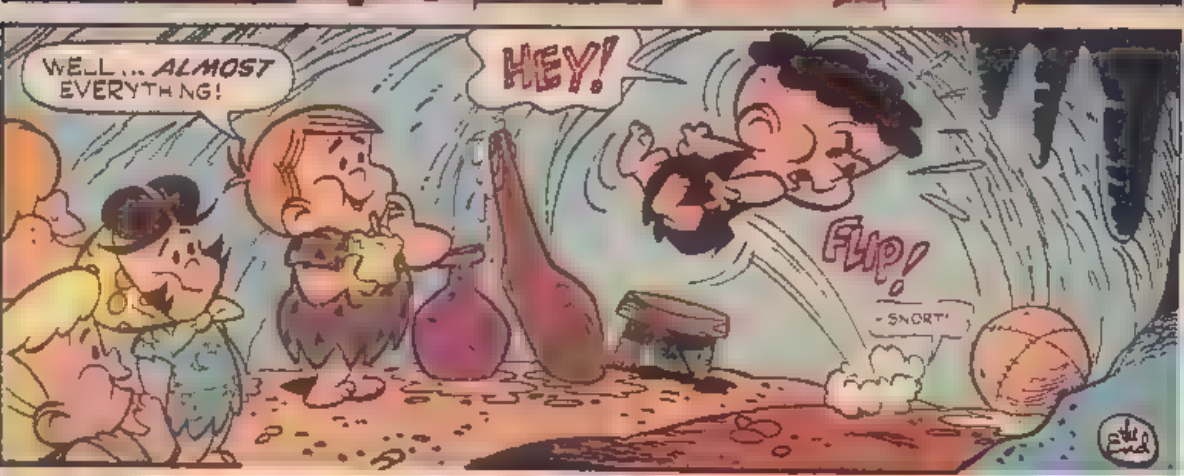
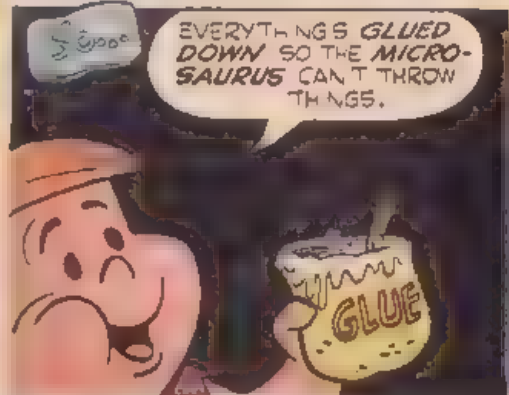
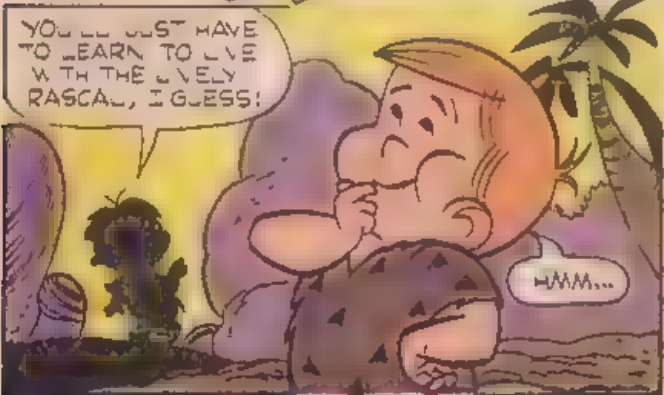
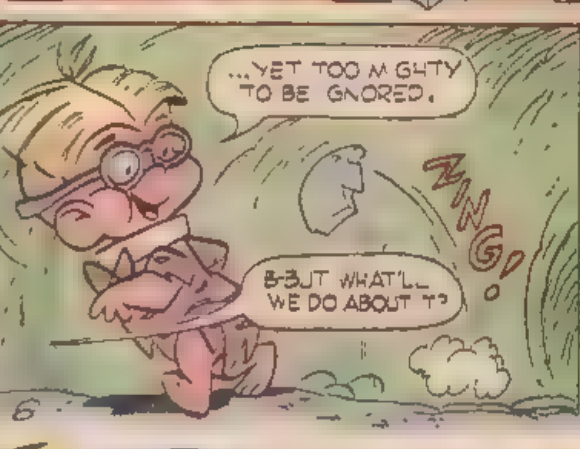
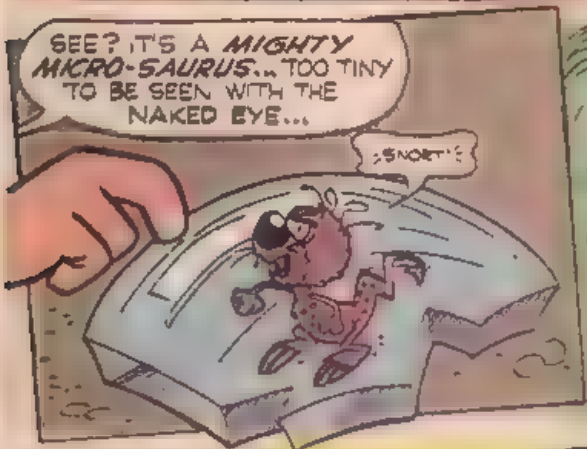
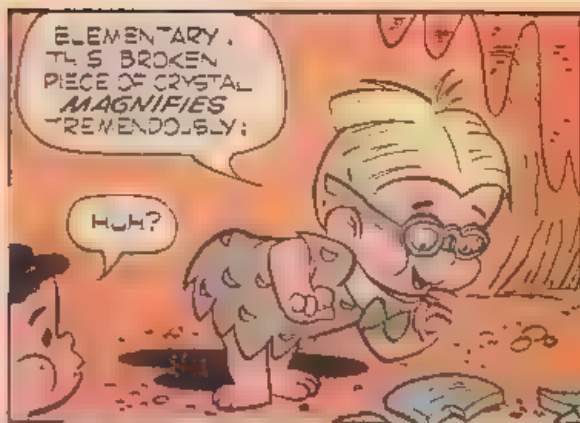
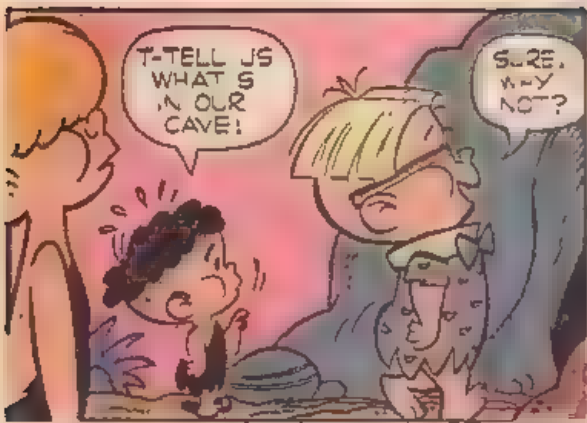
AND A LOT OF S-ATTERED NERVES.

M, KIDS. WHY SO SHAKY?

IZZY ENSTONE, THE SCIENTIFIC WHISKY.

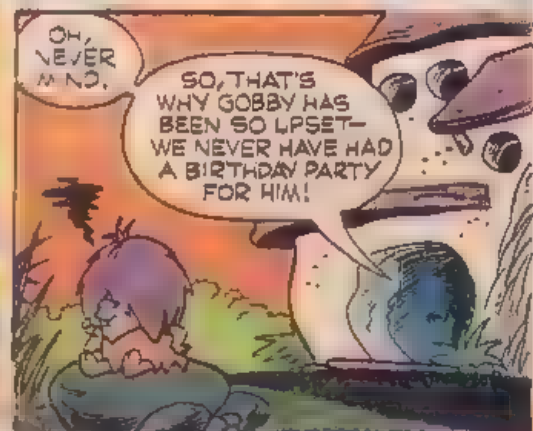
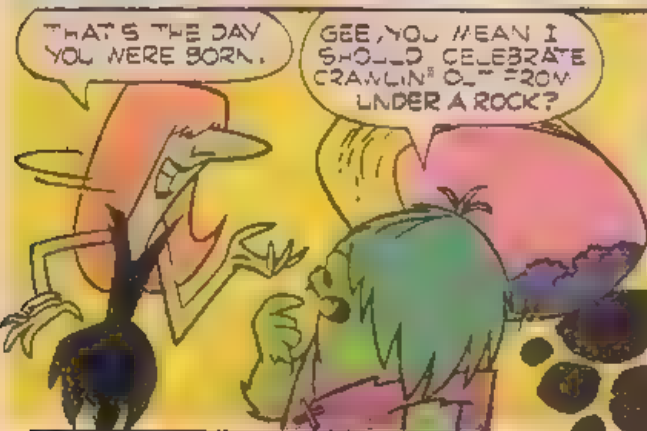
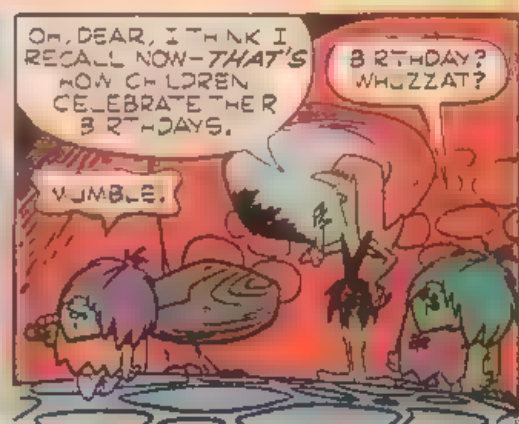
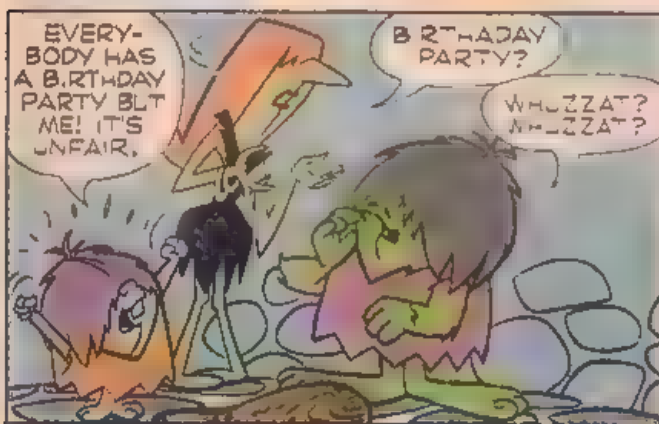
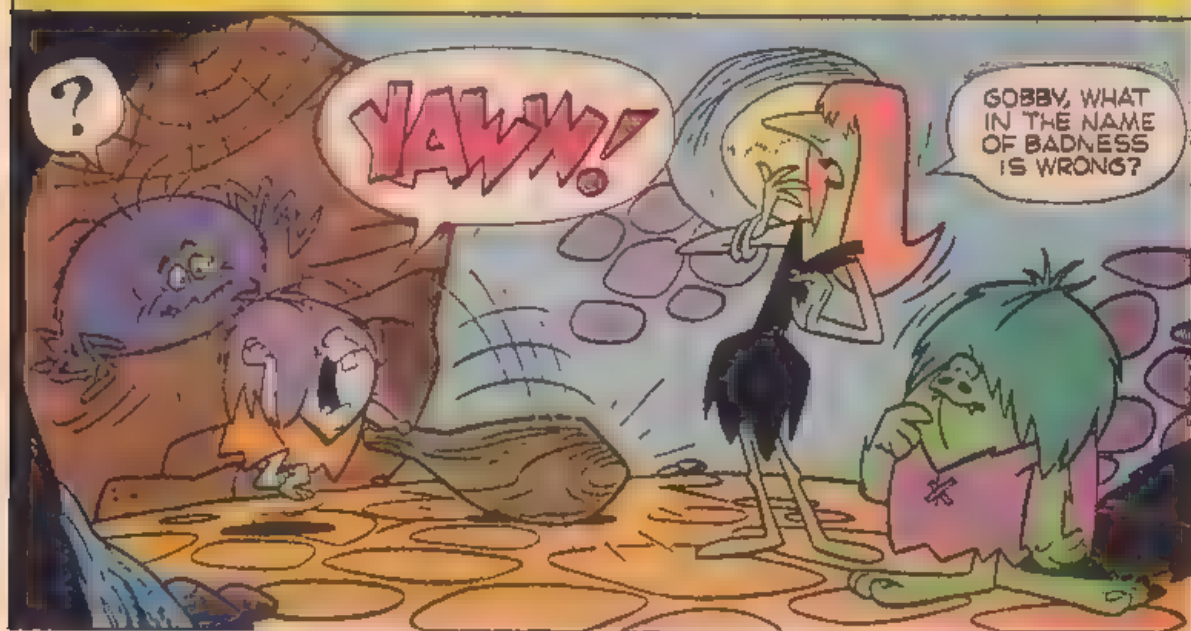
MAYBE **SCIENCE** CAN HELP US.



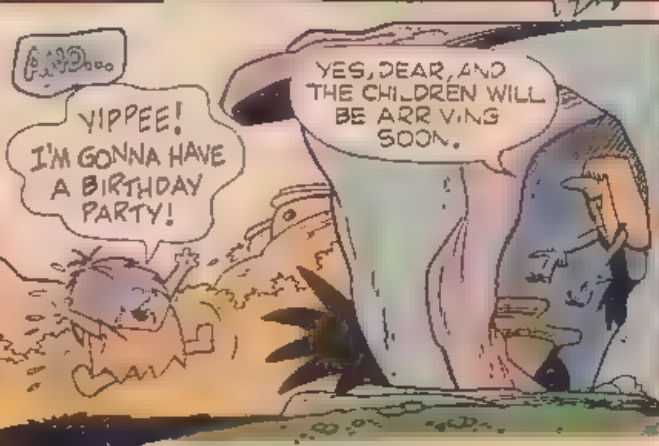
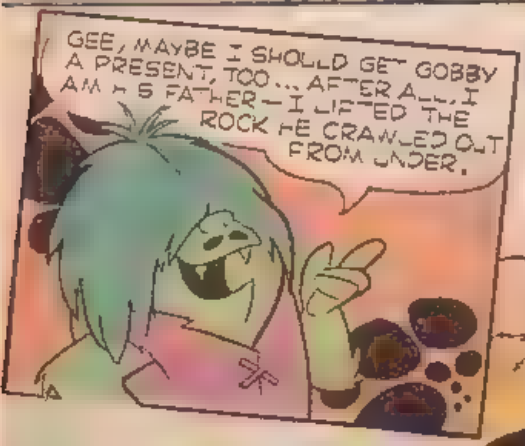
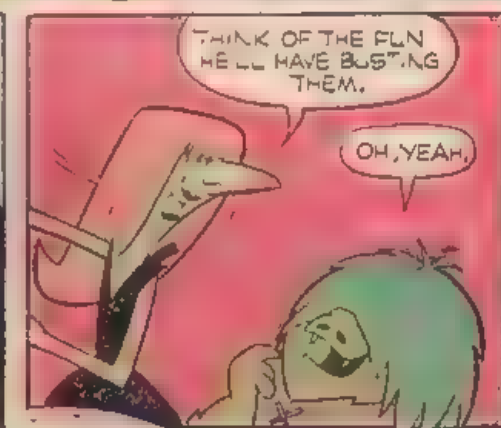
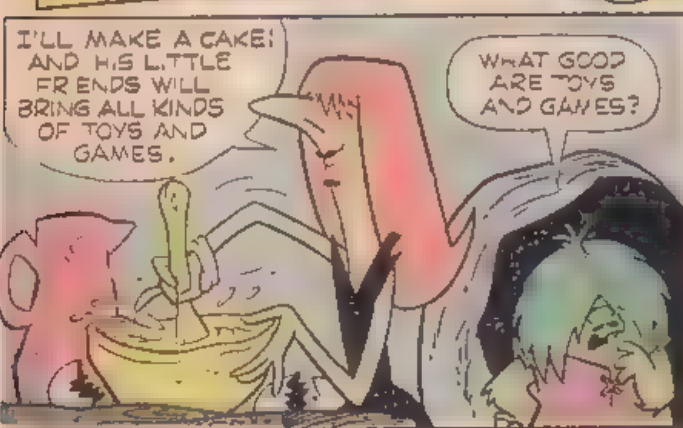
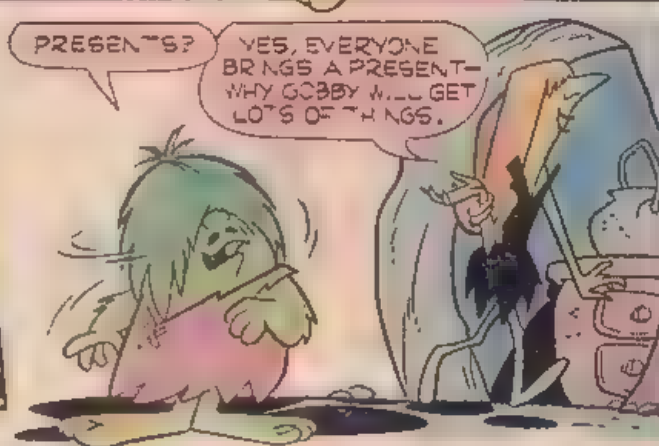
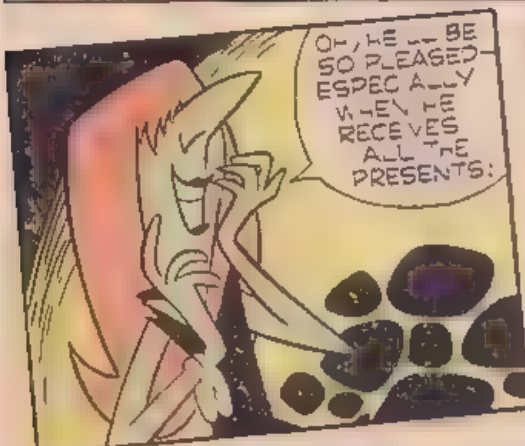
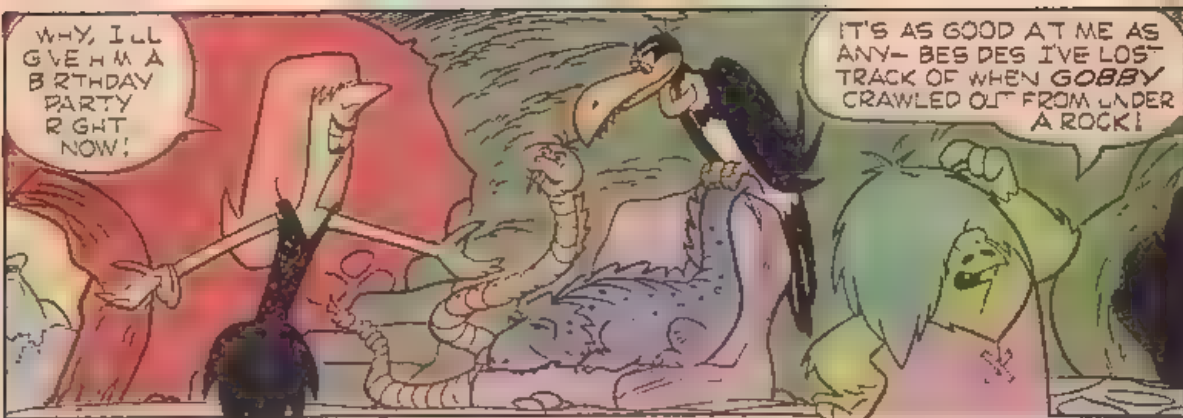




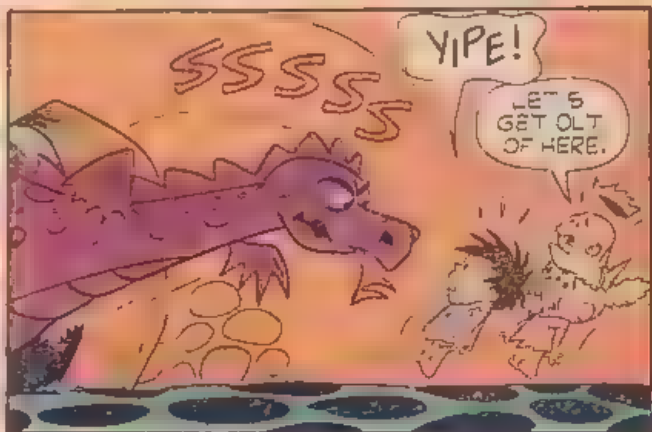
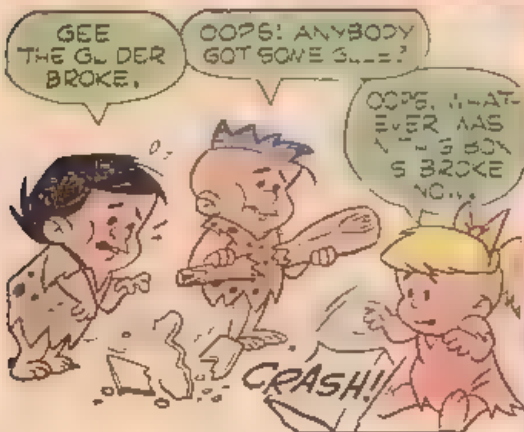
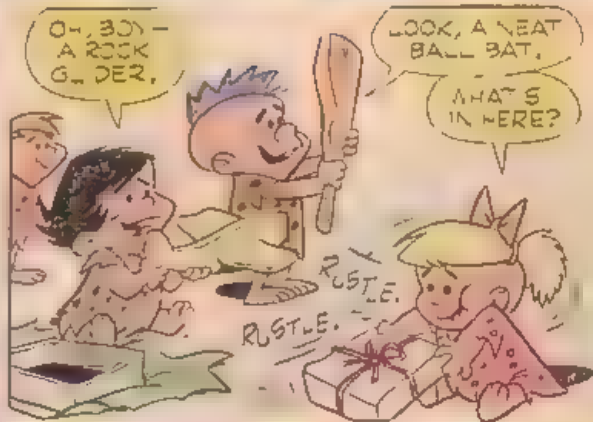
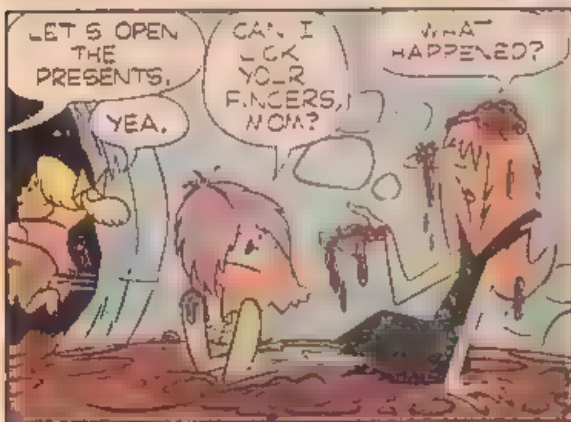
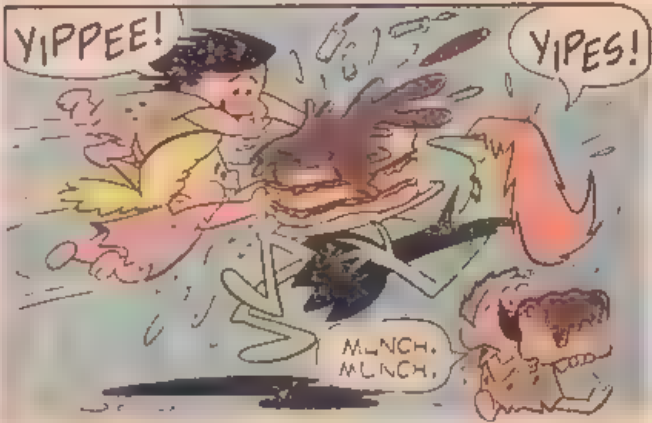
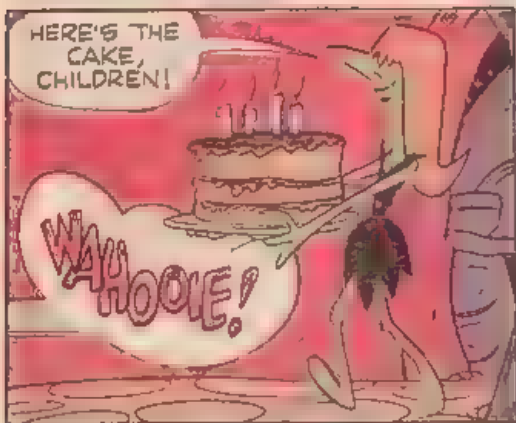
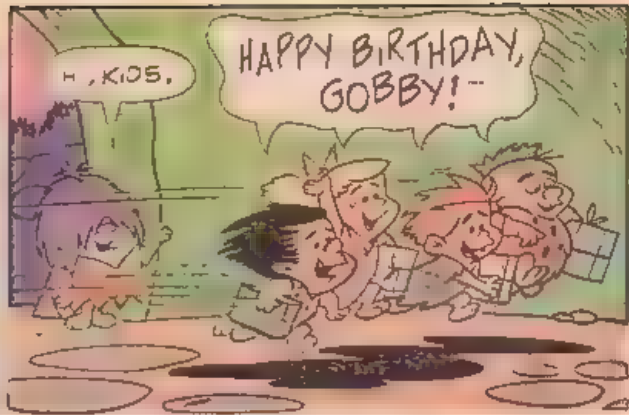
Hanna-Barbera **THE GRUESOMES**  
**THE BIRTHDAY BLAST**



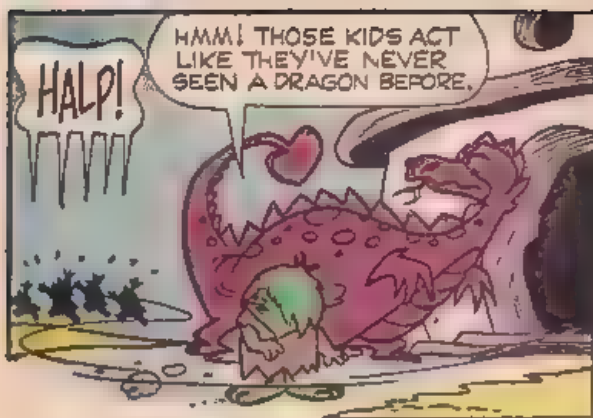






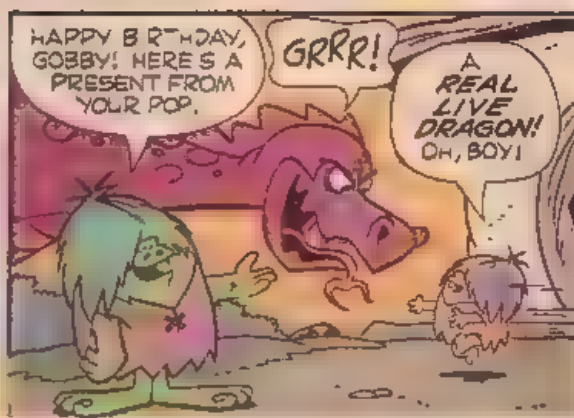






HMM! THOSE KIDS ACT LIKE THEY'VE NEVER SEEN A DRAGON BEFORE.

HALP!



HAPPY B RTHDAY, GOBBY! HERE'S A PRESENT FROM YOUR POP.

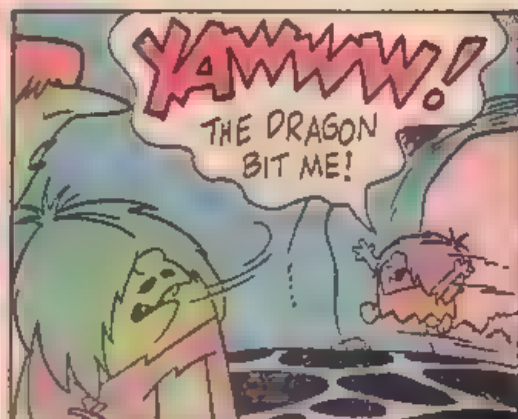
GRRR!

A REAL LIVE DRAGON! OH, BOY!



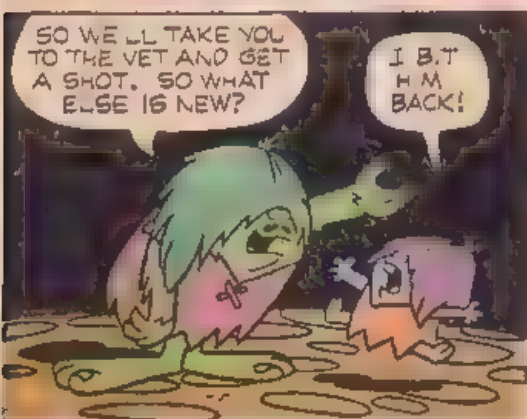
OH, WEIRDLY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU'VE MADE OUR SON! WHY, THOSE LITTLE MONSTERS DESTROYED ALL HIS OTHER BIRTHDAY PRESENTS!

I ONLY DO WHAT ANY IDEAL FATHER WOULD HAVE DONE!



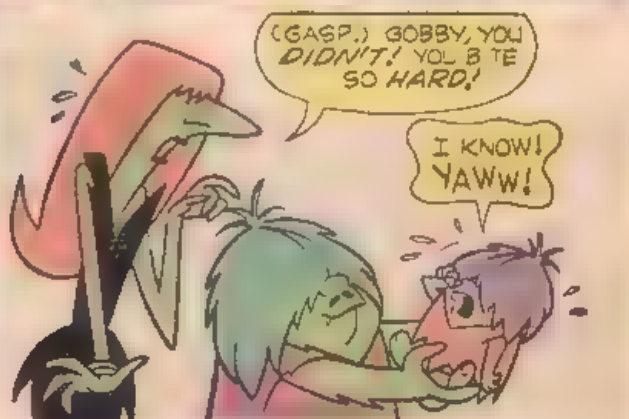
YAWWW!

THE DRAGON BIT ME!



SO WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE VET AND GET A SHOT. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

I B.T H.M. BACK!



(GASP!) GOBBY, YOU DIDN'T! YOU B.TE SO HARD!

I KNOW! YAWW!



NOW I'LL HAVE TO WAIT A WHOLE YEAR BEFORE I GET ANOTHER DRAGON! YAWW!

BIRTHDAYS... BAH.

YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!



# SKATE MATES



"Aw, please take us with you, Mr. Jinks. We are all dressed to go skating," said Dixie.

"Yeah, Jinksy," added Dixie. "Be a good skate and take us skating with you. We have our hats and coats on, all ready to go."

"No—N-O!!" shouted Mr. Jinks. "This will be the last time I get to go skating on the ice this year, and I don't want you meeces bothering me to pieces! We will never be skate mates! N-E-V-E-R!"

"Oh, all right for you," grumbled Dixie, but Pixie whispered, "Come on! We'll go anyway!" And he scooted over to where Jinksy's coat lay, calling, "Crawl into this pocket while Jinksy isn't looking."

Soon, Mr. Jinks put on his coat, cap and scarf, and picked up his shoe-skates and started off for the frozen lake. Pixie and Dixie kept as quiet as could be.

When Jinksy reached the lake, they peeked out of his pocket as they heard cheering from the other skaters on the shore. "Here comes the champ!" and "Hey, there's that fancy skater!" shouted the skaters. Mr. Jinks waved at them, sat down and put on his skates, lacing them just right.

"Now!" Pixie signaled Dixie, as Mr. Jinks stood up. The two mice skittered down onto Jinksy's skates and settled themselves on the toes of the shoes, holding onto the ends of the shoelaces for safety. Soon, Mr. Jinks was skimming over the ice.

"Wheel! This is fun!" laughed Dixie. "It sure is a thrill skating with Jinksy."

"Yeah," agreed Pixie. "But hang on, Mr. Jinks will be going into his fancy stuff in just a minute."

Pixie was right. Mr. Jinks began making figure-eights. Soon he was leaping and turning and twisting in the air. Pixie and Dixie

hung on to the shoelaces for dear life, as the skaters on shore applauded. The cheering crowd spurred Mr. Jinks on, and with head high, he proudly zipped across the lake.

Then Pixie and Dixie heard a terrifying sound — the ice was breaking. Ahead of them a long crack appeared. Mr. Jinks was too busy thinking of the fine figure he was cutting to notice the danger.

"Jump!" shouted Pixie, "and hang on to the ends of the shoelaces."

They jumped. Swinging from the shoelaces, they wrapped the strings about Mr. Jinks's legs and tripped him, just in time to send him sprawling over the ice to safety.

"You!" screeched Mr. Jinks, when he saw them still clinging to the shoelaces. "I will get you for this. You tripped me, you miserable meeces!"

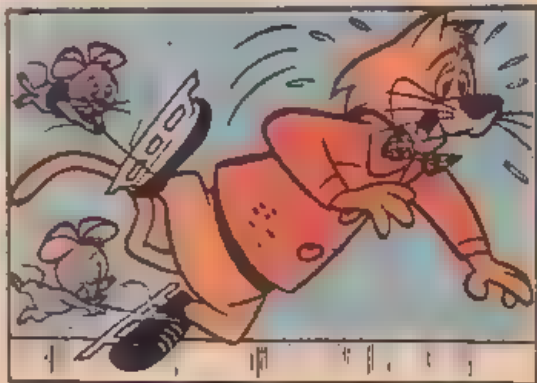
"Don't be hasty, Jinksy," grinned Pixie. "Look over there before you begin chasing us. What do you see?"

Mr. Jinks gulped, as he looked at the big crack in the ice which widened into a gaping hole not far away. Then he scooped up the two little mice and skated carefully away from the dangerous hole.

"Gee, thanks, felars," he breathed, when they were safely on shore. "I didn't know the ice was that unsafe. I thought it was still solid, even though spring is almost here. How can I say it — like I love you two meeces to pieces?" As Mr. Jinks hugged his little pals, he exclaimed, "You're the best li'l skate mates anyone ever had!"

"SKATE MATES??" echoed Pixie and Dixie.

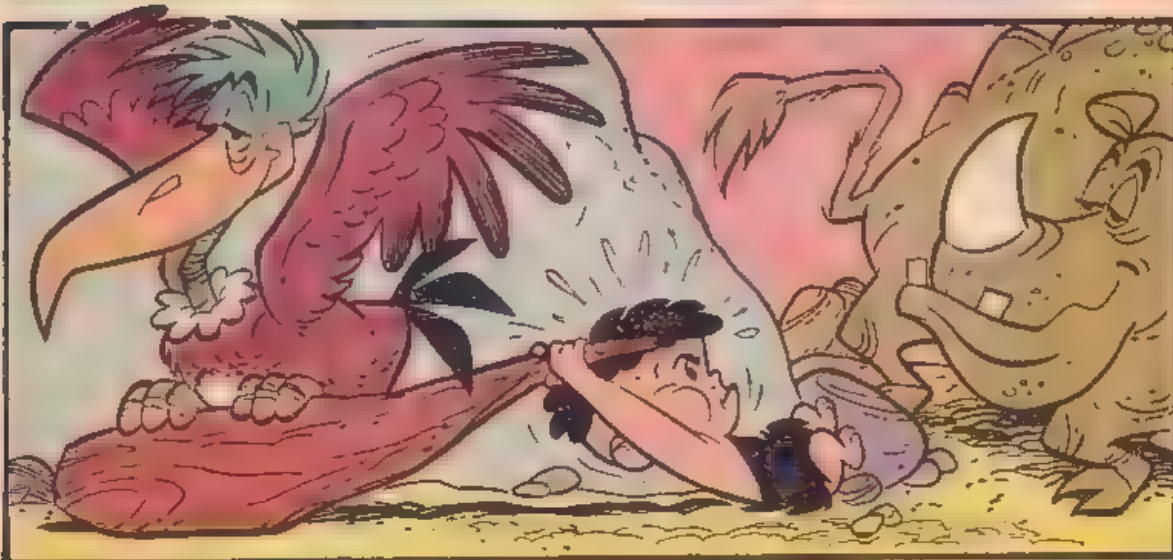
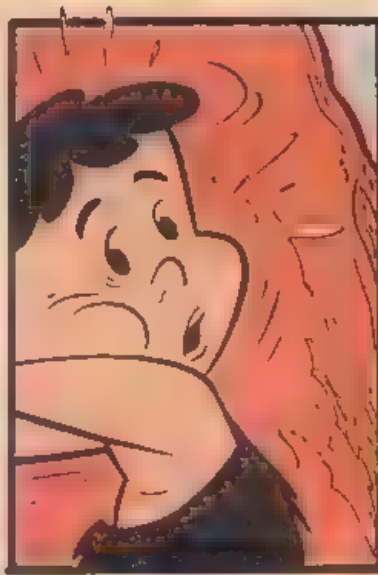
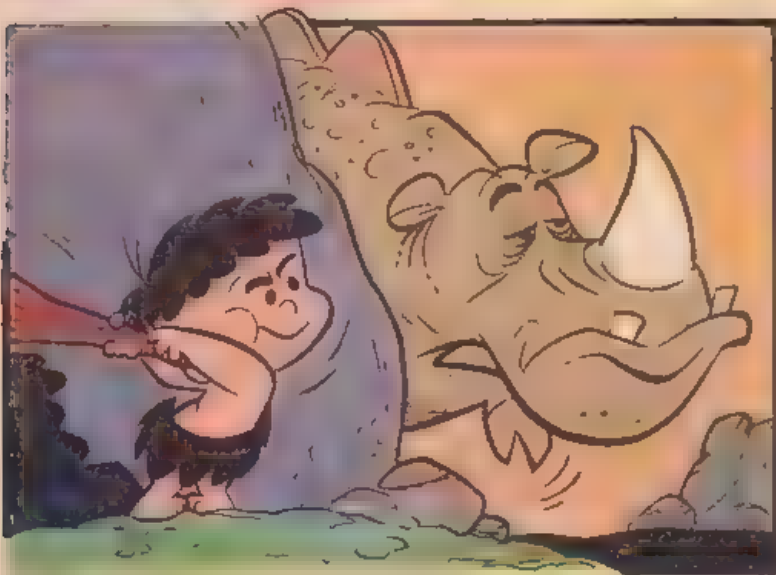
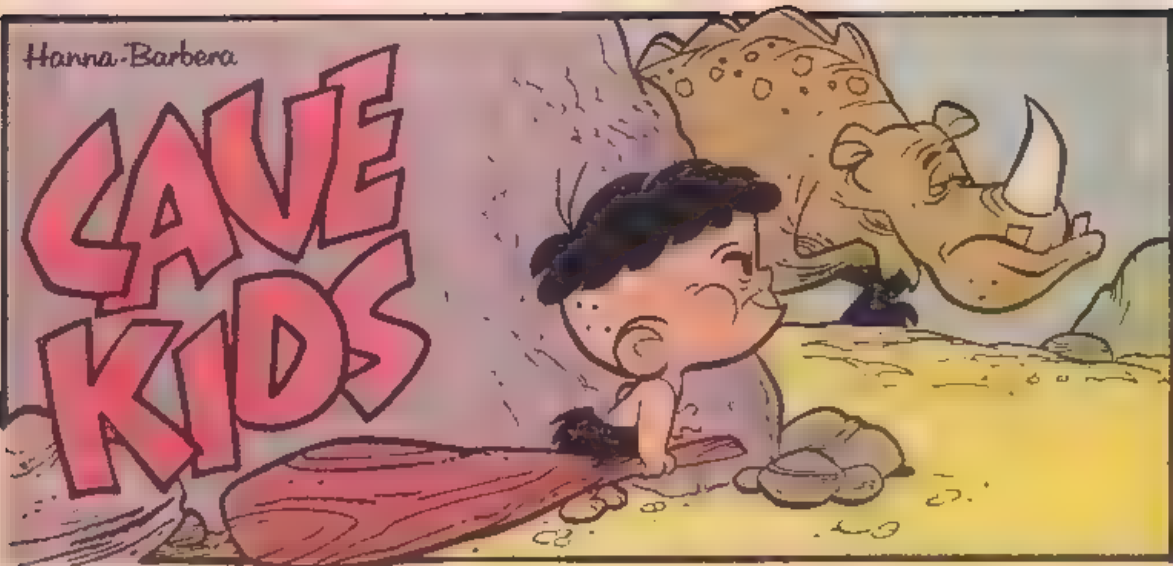
"What else?" grinned Mr. Jinks. "And next winter we will be skate mates all season long. We'll even be roller-skate mates this summer, just to prove I mean what I say!"





Hanna-Barbera

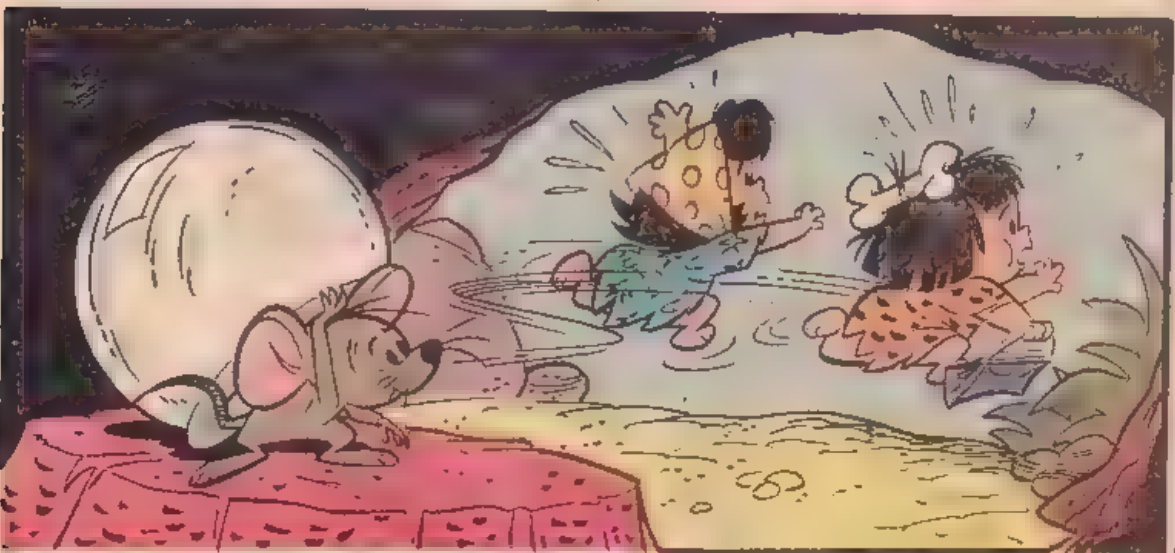
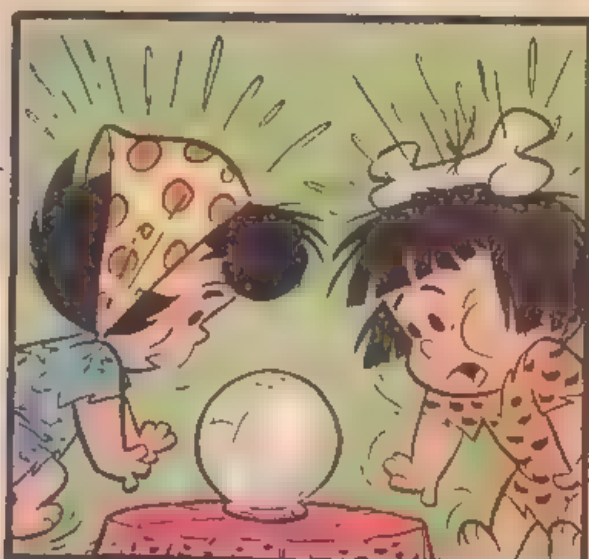
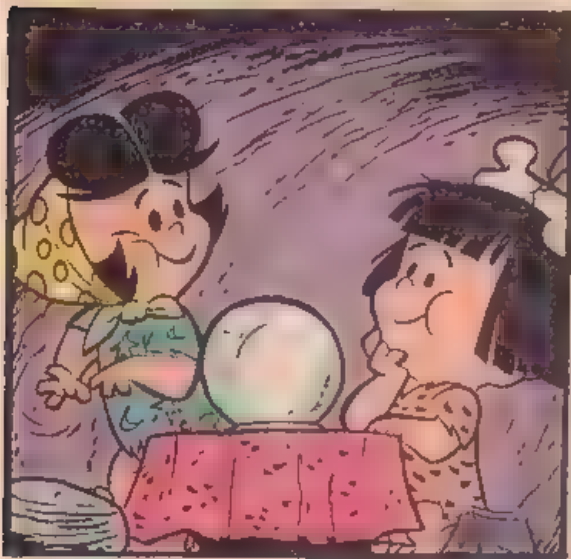
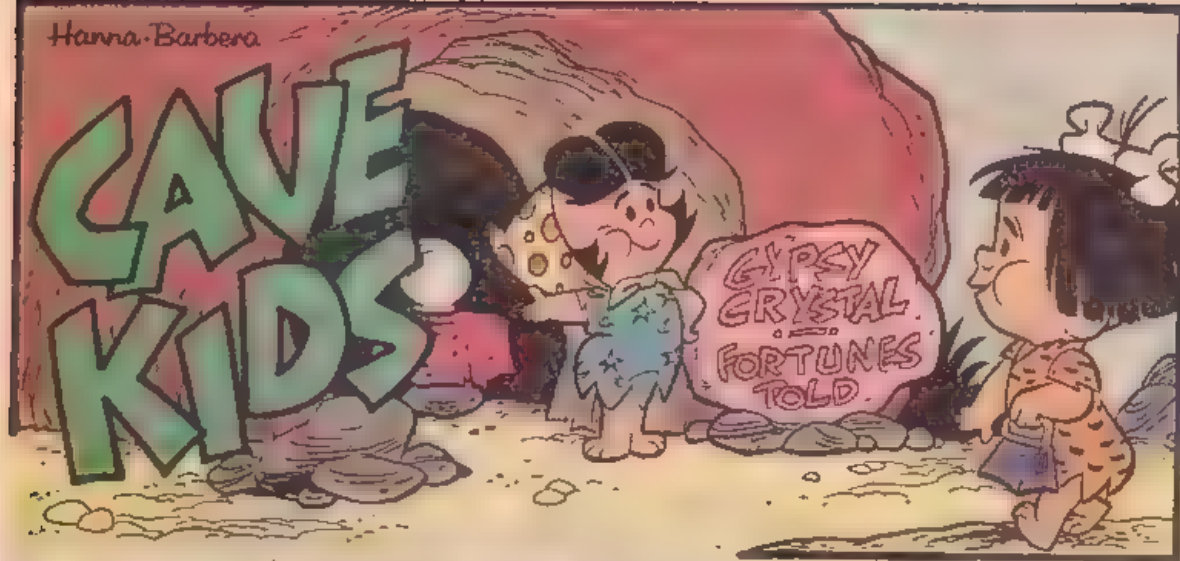
# CAVE KIDS





Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS





Hanna-Barbera **CAVE KIDS**

IN FACT,  
THEY'RE NO  
GOOD FOR EATING  
— THEY'VE  
ROASTED ALL  
DAY.

NO,  
BAMM-BAMM...  
YOU CAN'T HURT  
A RAW R\_UDAFRUIT..  
THEY'RE HARD  
AS ROCK.

IN FACT,  
THEY'RE NO  
GOOD FOR EATING  
— THEY'VE  
ROASTED ALL  
DAY.

BAMM!  
BAMM!

*[Handwritten signature]*

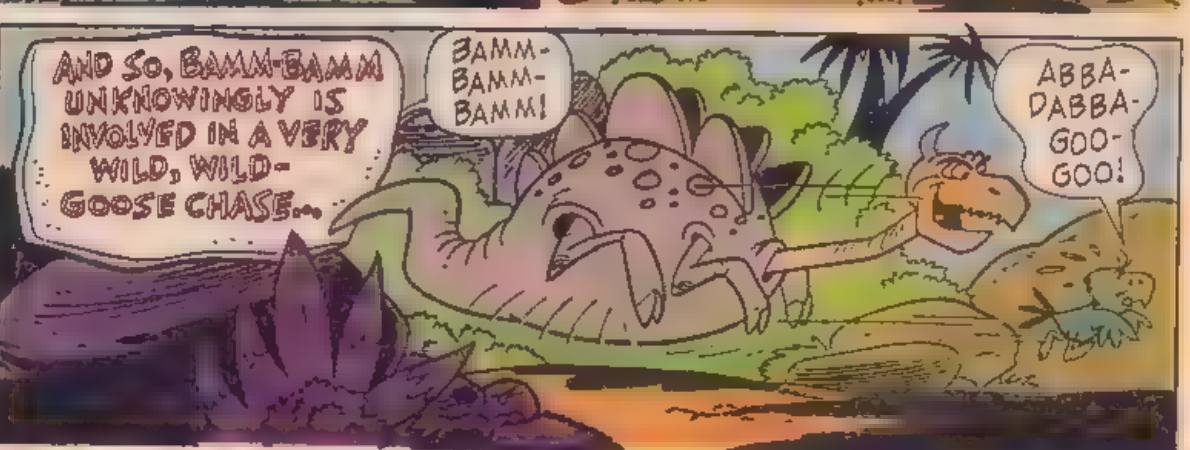
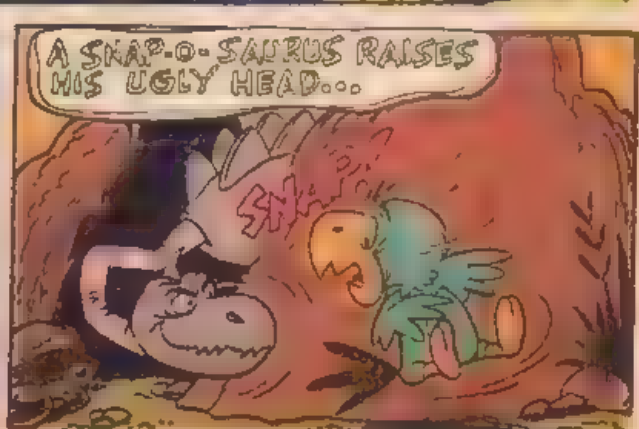
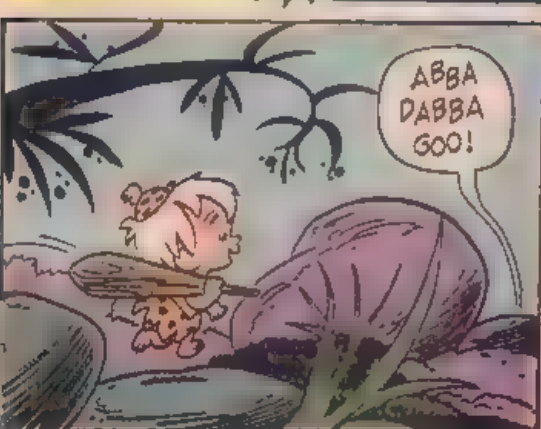
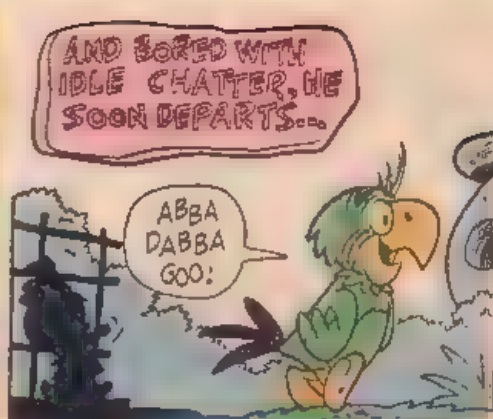
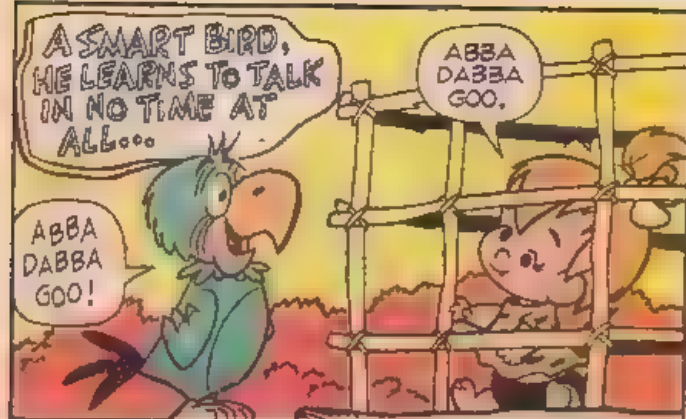
SORRY...I CAN'T PLAY  
WE'LL BE BUSY ALL  
DAY KEEP'G THE  
FIRE GOING UNDER  
OUR REDAFTER!

I KNOW WHAT  
YOU CAN DO,  
BAMM-BAMM...

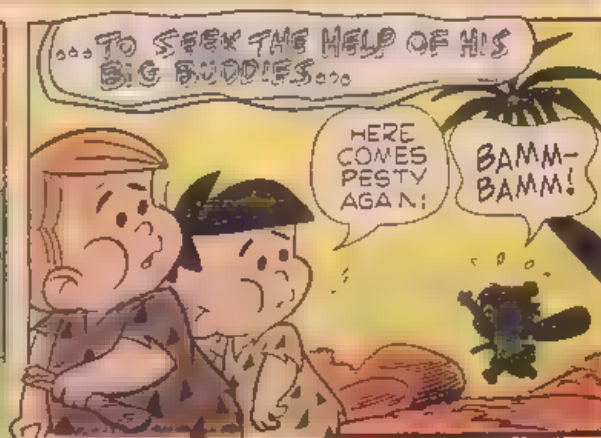
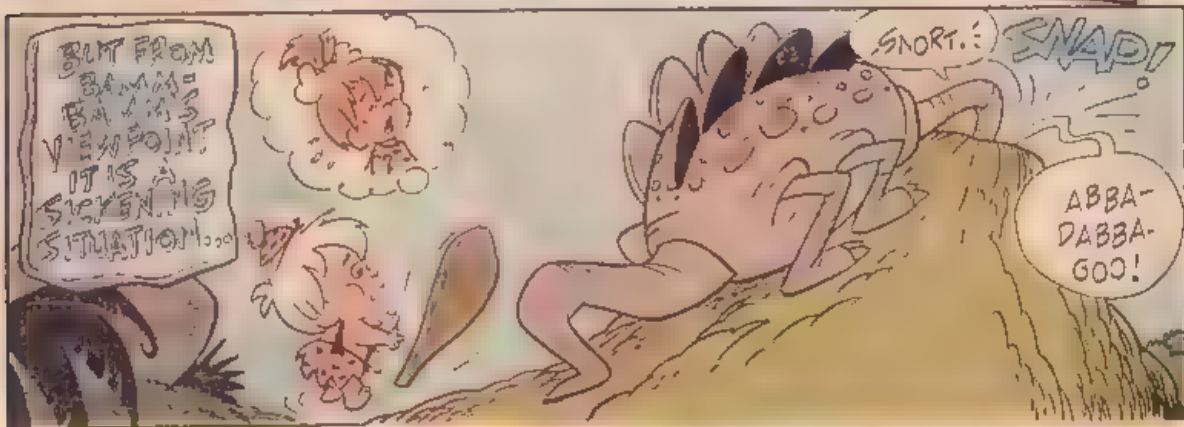
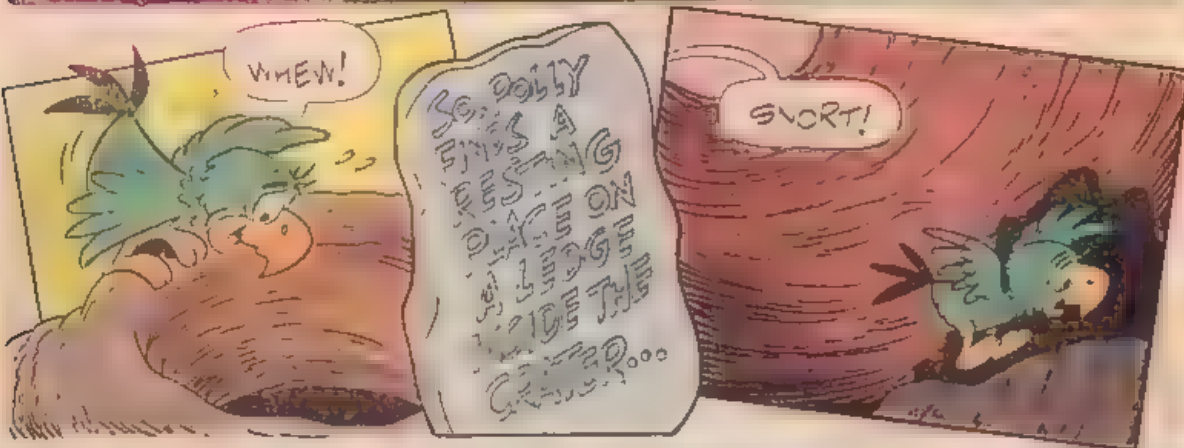
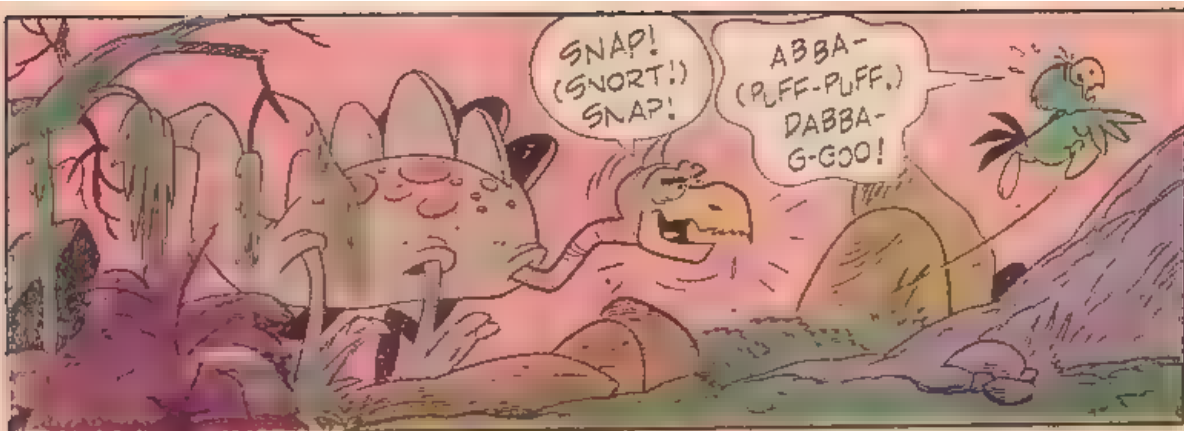
SAMMY!

Δ33Α-  
DA33Α-  
GDD.

AWRK



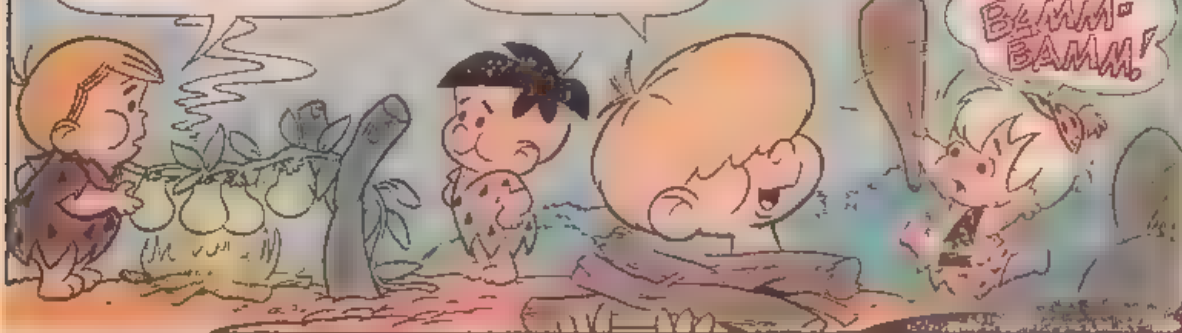




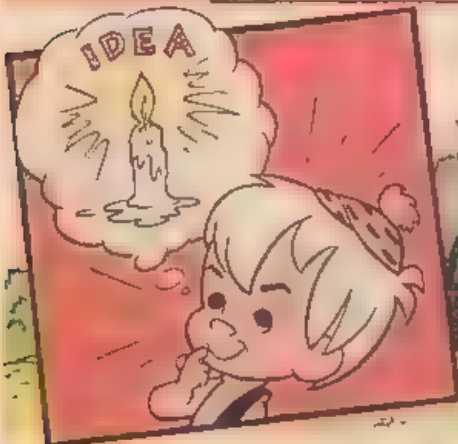
WE'LL BE BUSY ALL DAY  
FEEDING THE FIRE UNDER  
OUR RUDAFRUIT!

SO GO STON A  
TACK-O-SAURUS  
OR SOMETHING!

BAMM-  
BAMM-  
BAMM-  
BAMM!

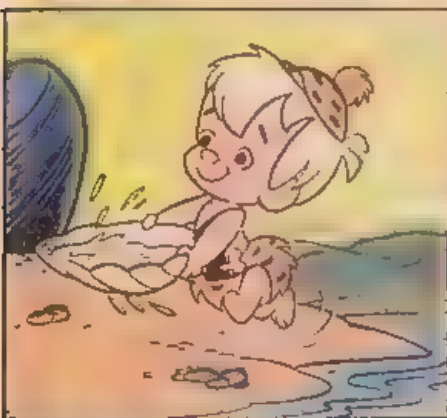
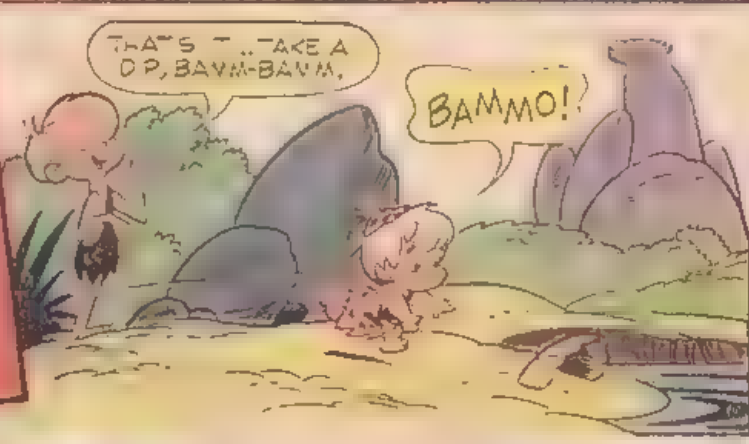


IDEA



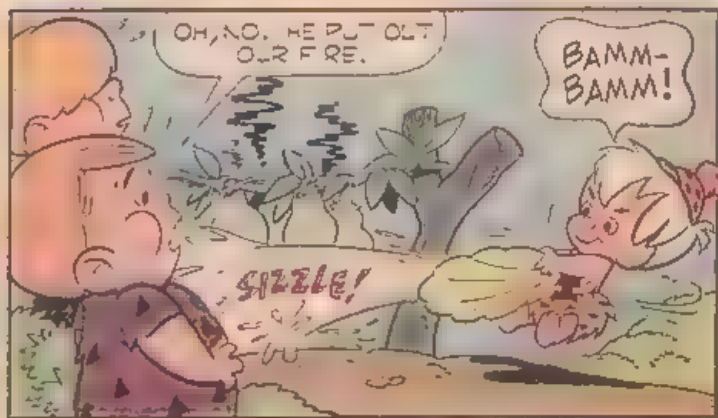
THAT'S -- TAKE A  
DIP, BAMM-BAMM.

BAMMO!



OH, NO. HE PUT OUT  
OUR FIRE.

BAMM-  
BAMM!

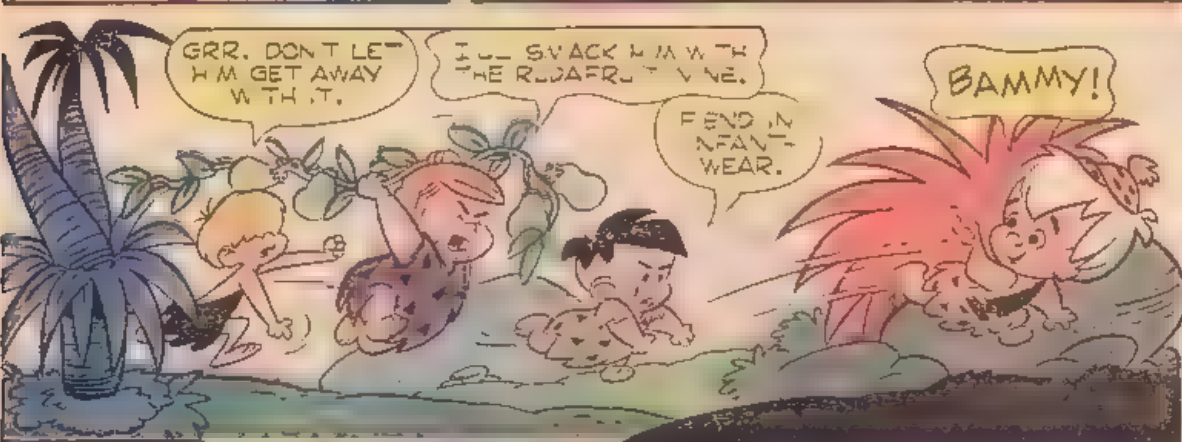


GRR. DON'T LET  
HIM GET AWAY  
WITH IT.

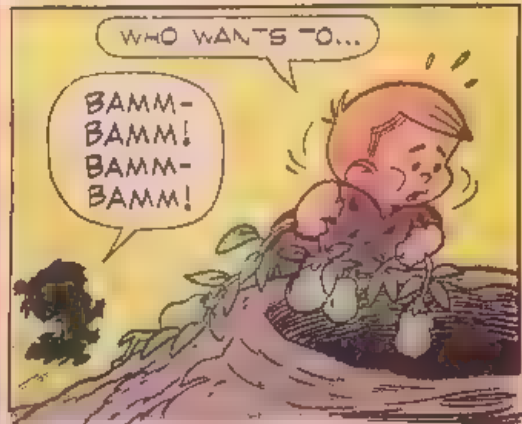
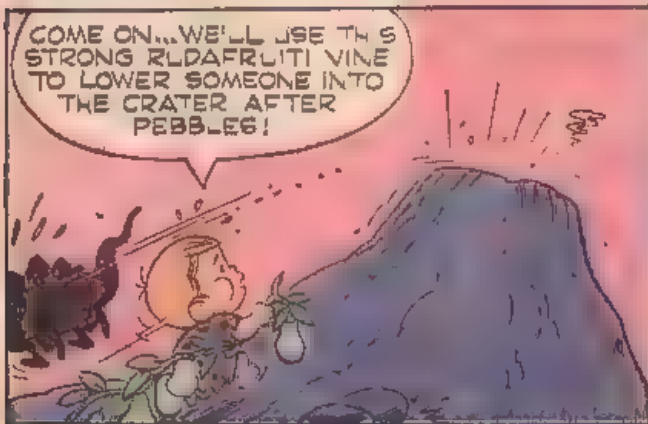
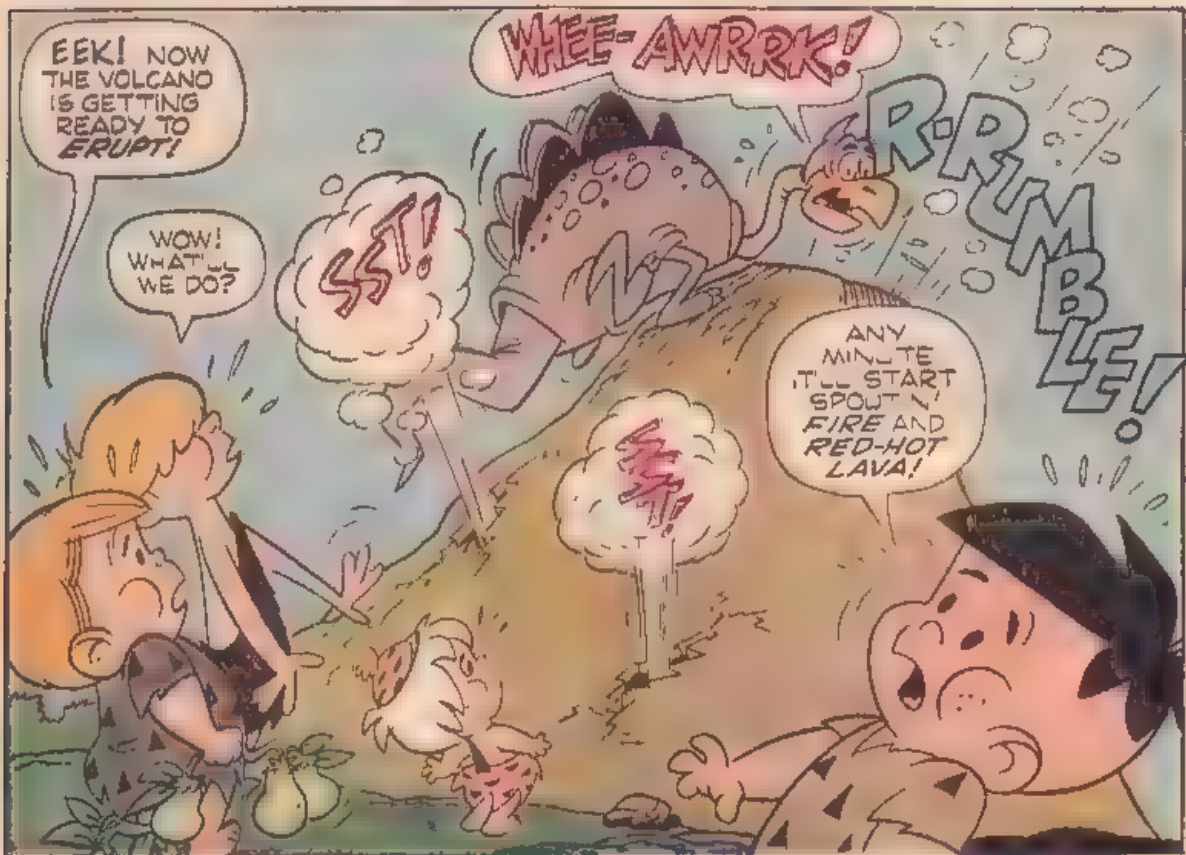
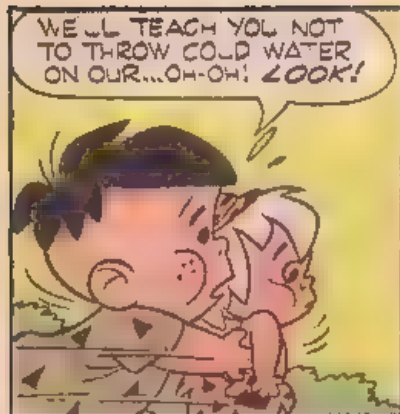
I'LL SWACK HIM WITH  
THE RUDAFRUIT VINE.

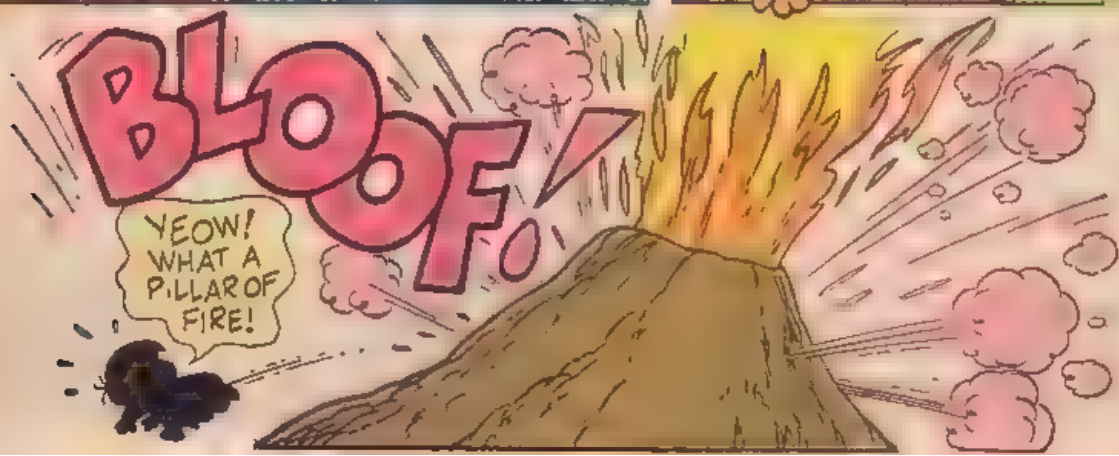
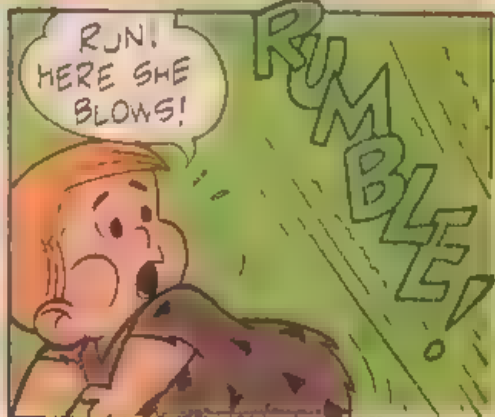
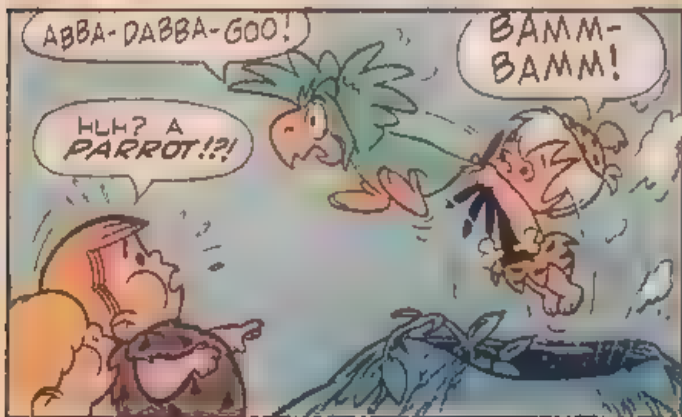
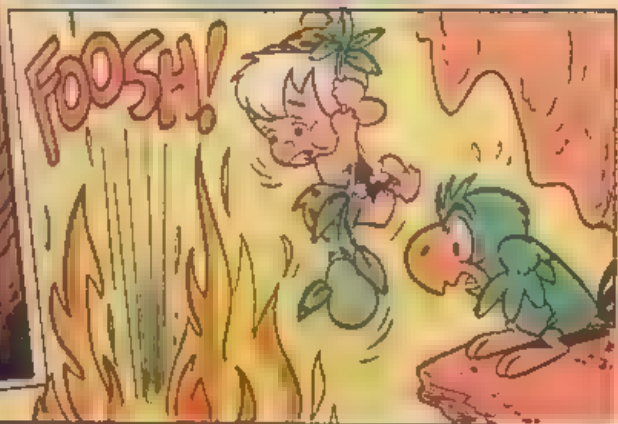
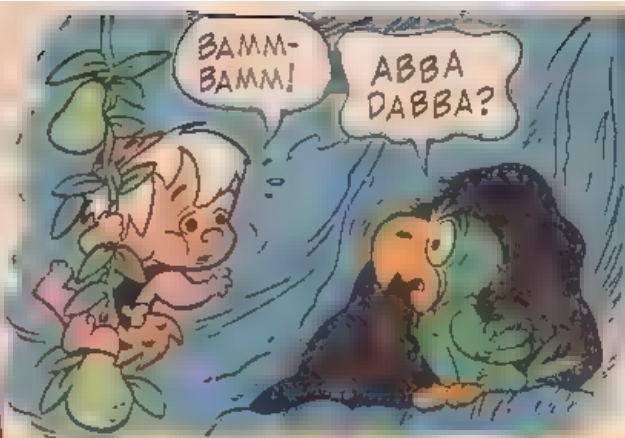
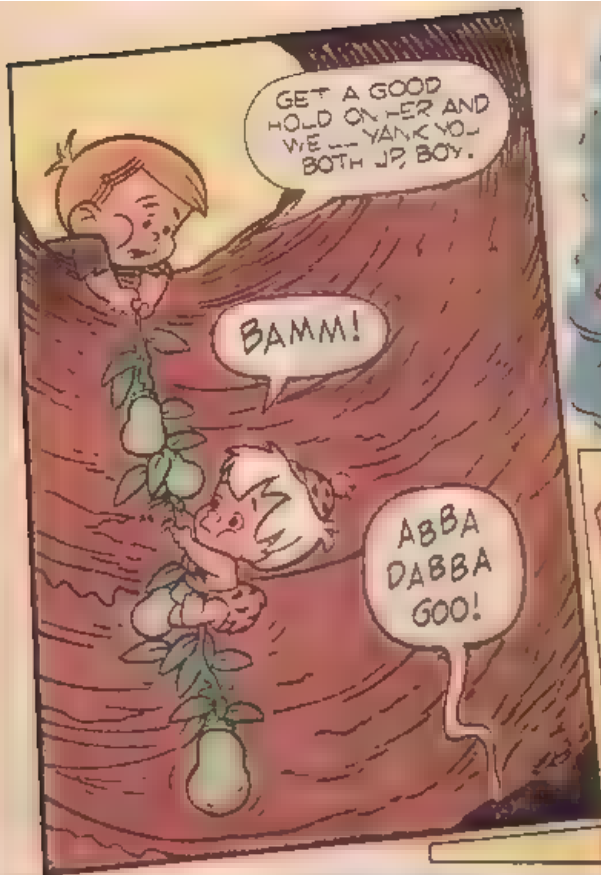
FEND IN  
NEAR-  
WEAR.

BAMMY!











MY GOODNESS.  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING, BOYS?

ABBA  
DABBA.

WELL, WE THOUGHT WE WERE  
RESCUING **PEBBLES!**

BUT IT WAS ONLY  
A PARROT IN THE  
CRATER!

HEY, IT'S  
RAINING  
PEBBLES  
FROM THE  
CLOUDS!

SMACK! IT'S JUICY AND  
TENDER  
ALREADY!

ONE BLAST OF  
THE VOLCANO'DD  
WHAT'S ORDINARILY  
AN ALL-DAY  
COOKING JOB.

AND  
SO...

YUM! WHAT A  
FEAST!

I ESPECIALLY LIKE  
THE DEEP TANGY  
VOLCANO AS-  
FLAVOR.

BAMM-  
BAMM!

ABBA  
DABBA  
GOO.

WELL, I GUESS THE DAY WOULDN'T  
BE COMPLETE WITHOUT **PEBBLES**  
GOING ON A FALSE ALARM, TOO.

BAMM-  
BAMM.

GOO.

BAMM-  
BAMM!

Hanna-Barbera

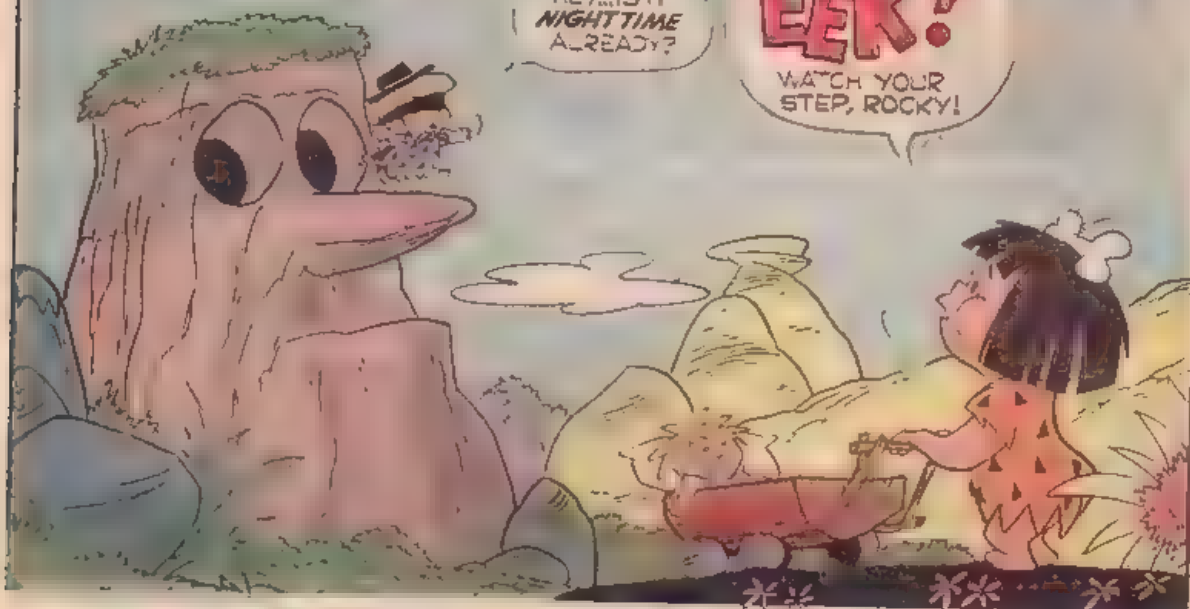
# CAVE KIDS

THE BEASTLY  
WINDBAG

HEY...IS IT  
NIGHTTIME  
ALREADY?

**EEK!**

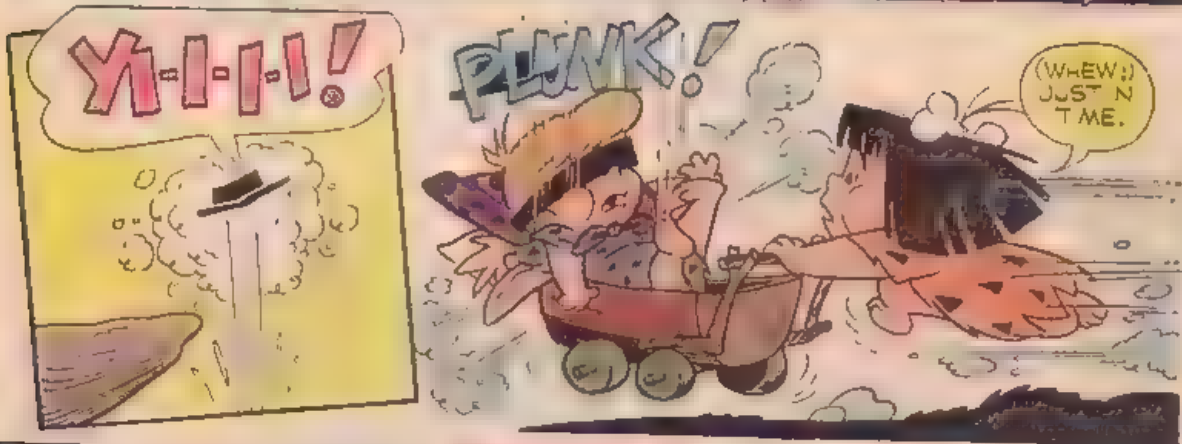
WATCH YOUR  
STEP, ROCKY!



**Y-I-I-I!**

**PLUNK!**

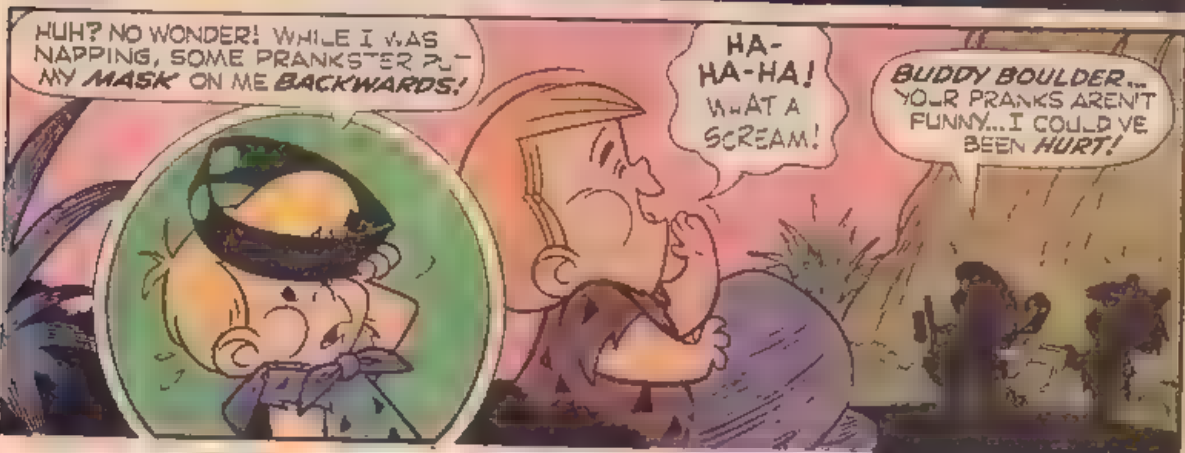
(WHEW!)  
JUST N  
T ME.



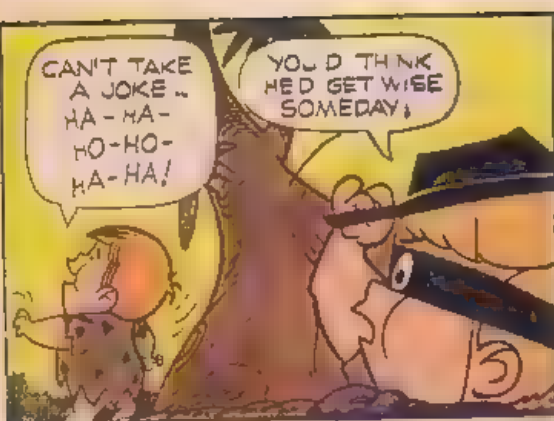
HUH? NO WONDER! WHILE I WAS  
NAPPING, SOME PRANKSTER PUT  
MY MASK ON ME BACKWARDS!

HA-  
HA-HA!  
WHAT A  
SCREAM!

BUDDY BOULDER...  
YOUR PRANKS AREN'T  
FUNNY...I COULD'VE  
BEEN HURT!

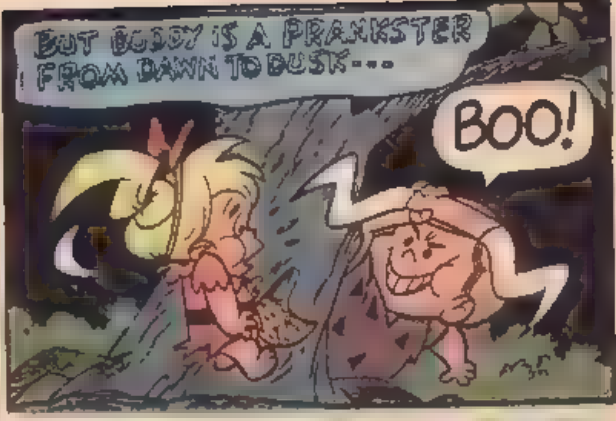






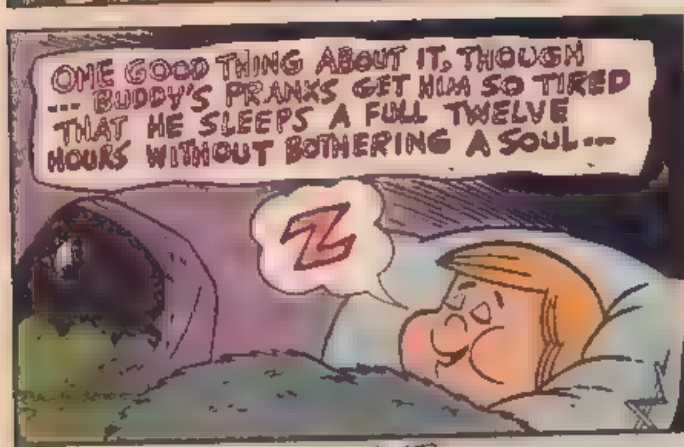
CAN'T TAKE  
A JOKE --  
HA - HA -  
HO - HO -  
HA - HA!

YOU'D THINK  
HE'D GET WISE  
SOMEDAY!

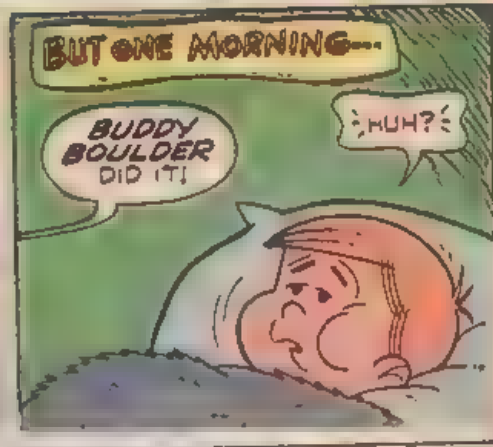


BUT BUDDY IS A PRANKSTER  
FROM DAWN TO DUSK...

BOO!



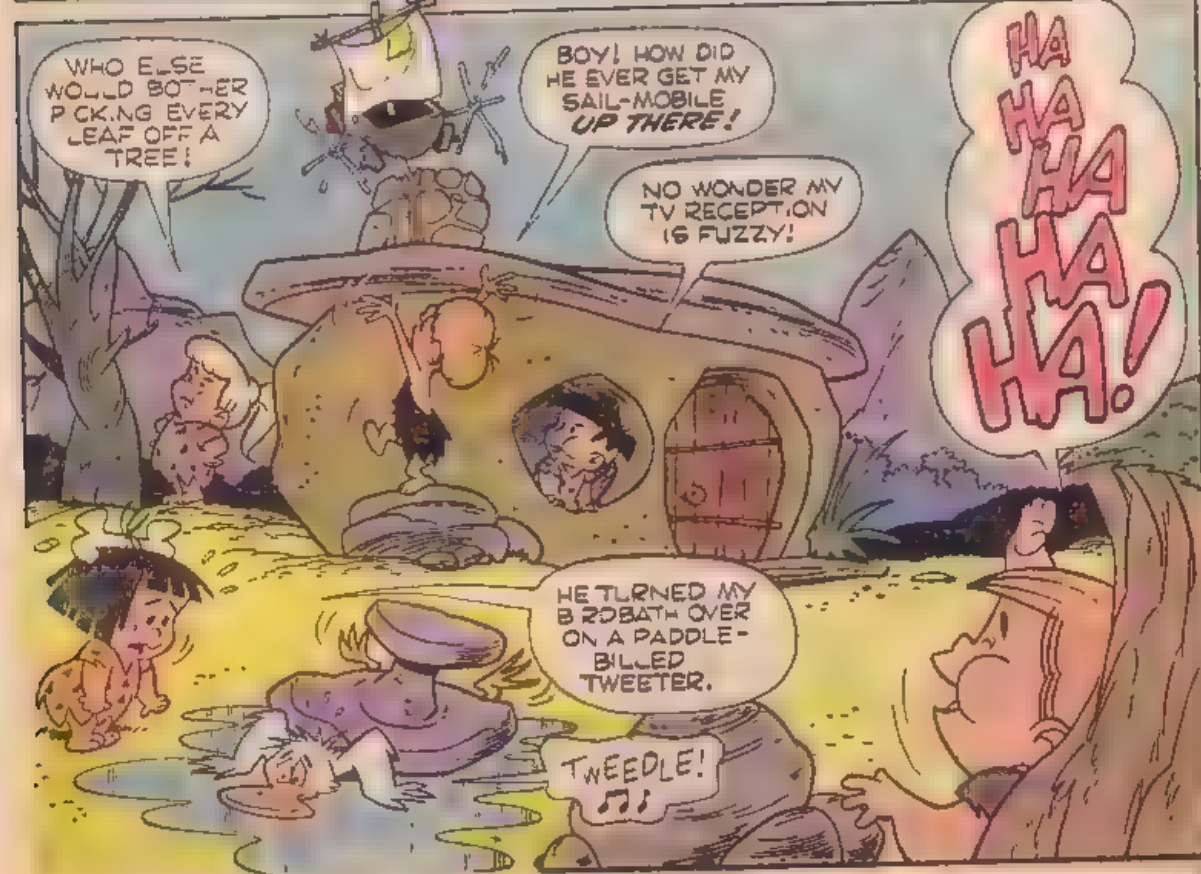
ONE GOOD THING ABOUT IT, THOUGH  
--- BUDDY'S PRANKS GET HIM SO TIRED  
THAT HE SLEEPS A FULL TWELVE  
HOURS WITHOUT BOTHERING A SOUL...



BUT ONE MORNING...

BUDDY  
BOULDER  
DID IT!

...HUH?!



WHO ELSE  
WOULD BOTHER  
PICKING EVERY  
LEAF OFF A  
TREE!

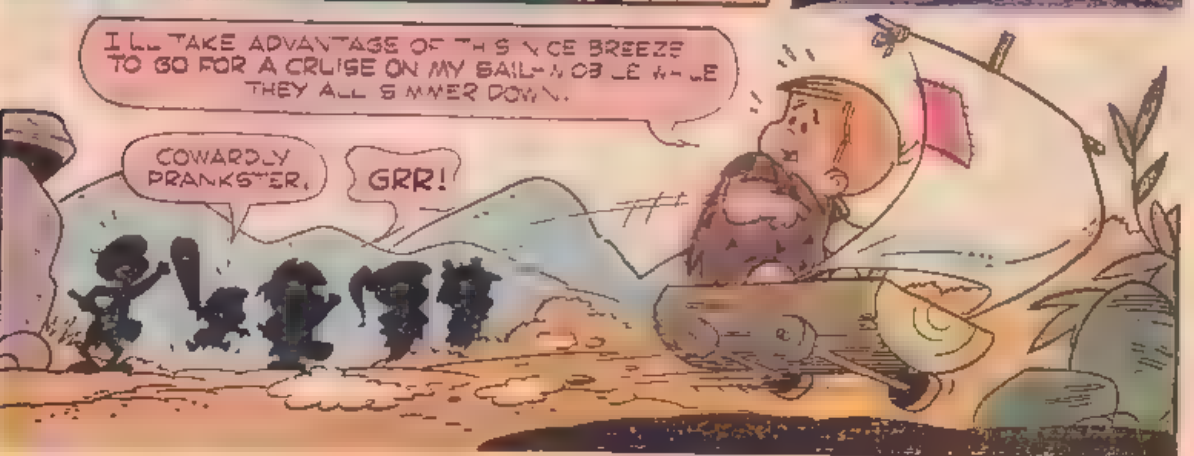
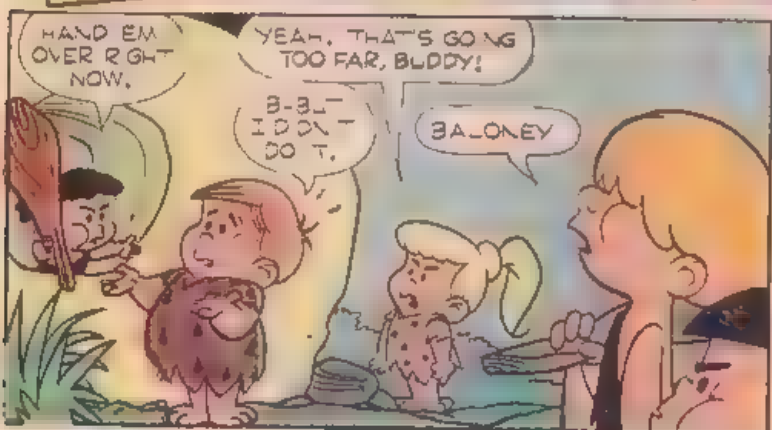
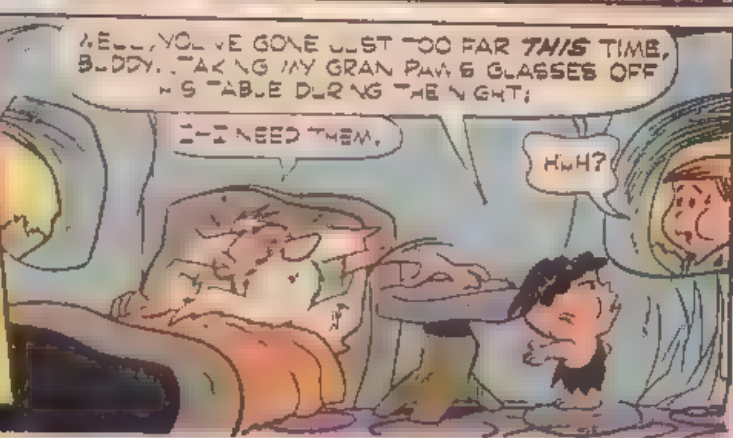
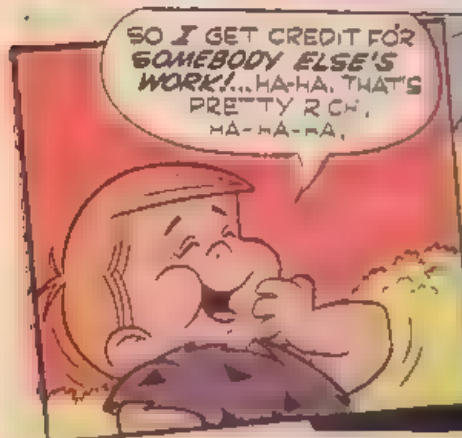
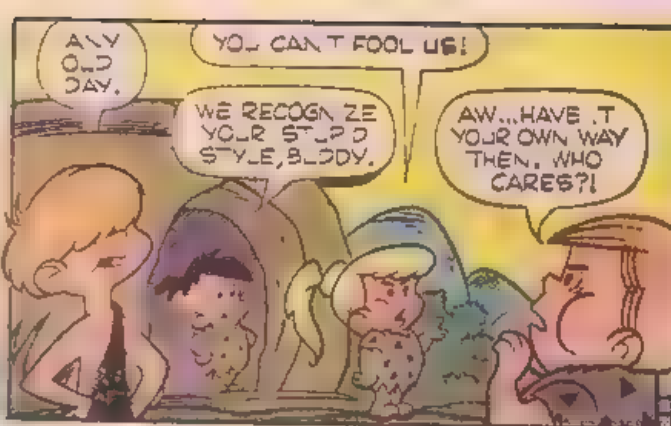
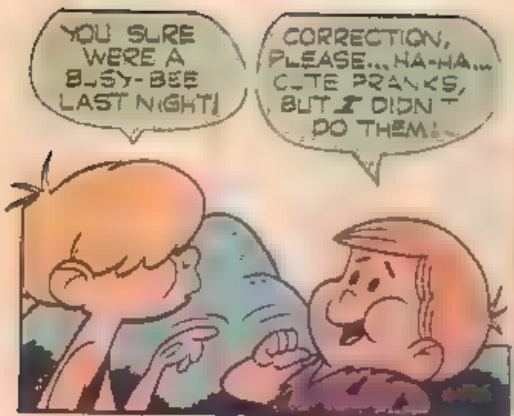
BOY! HOW DID  
HE EVER GET MY  
SAIL-MOBILE  
UP THERE!

NO WONDER MY  
TV RECEPTION  
IS FUZZY!

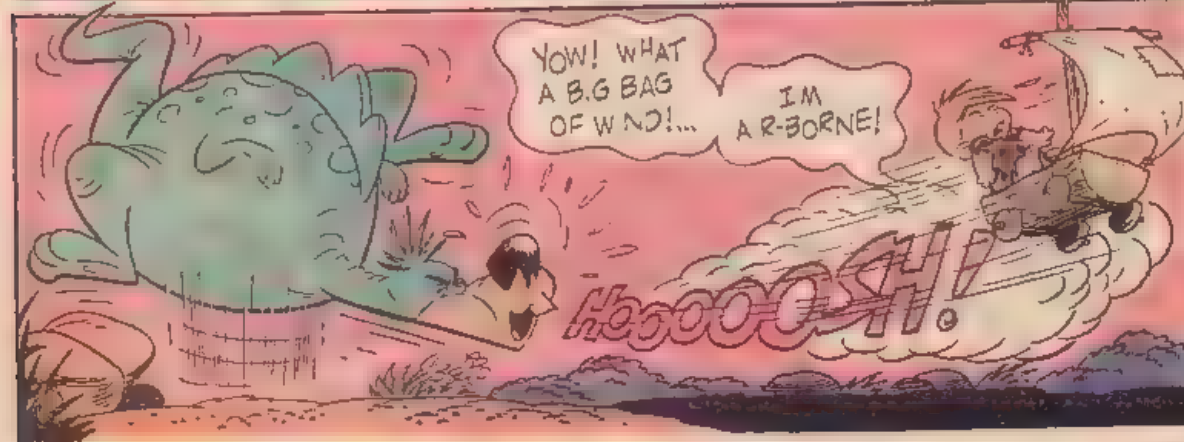
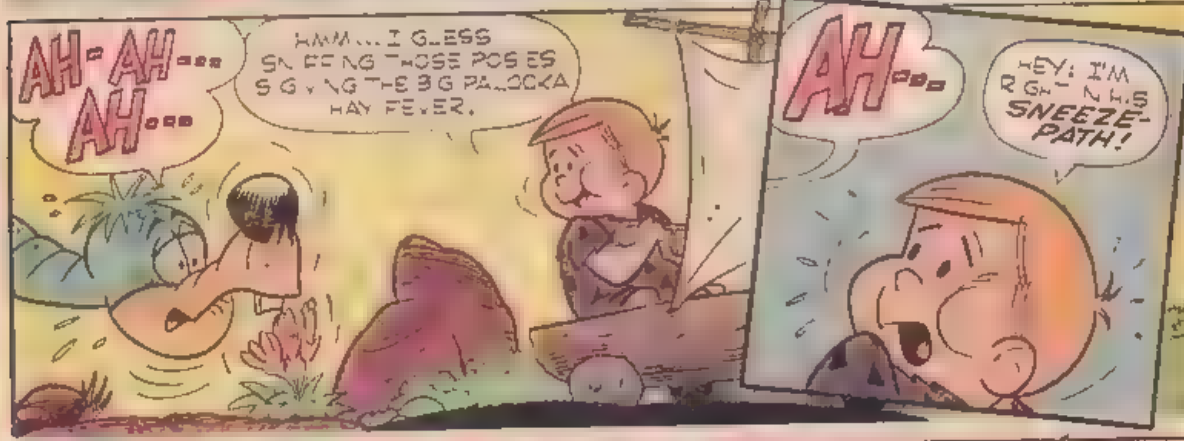
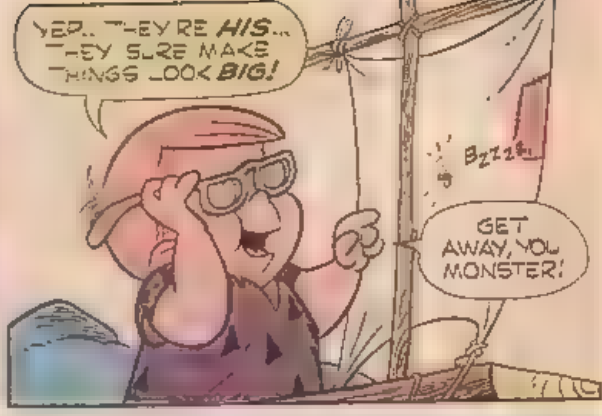
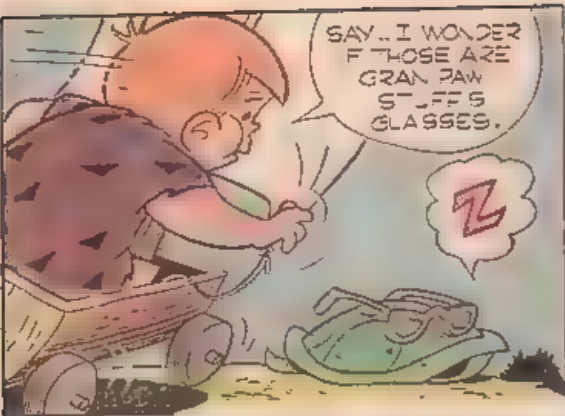
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA!

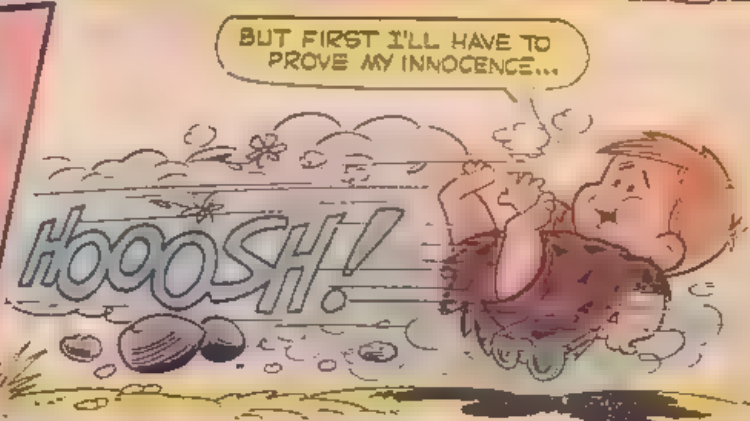
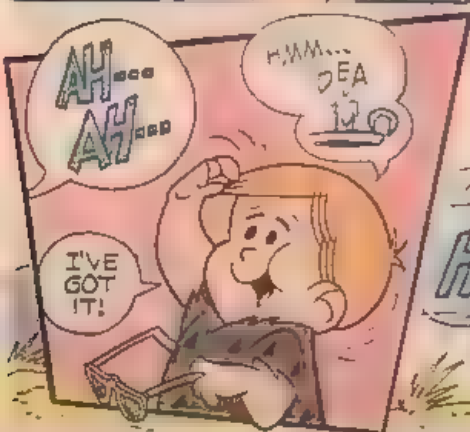
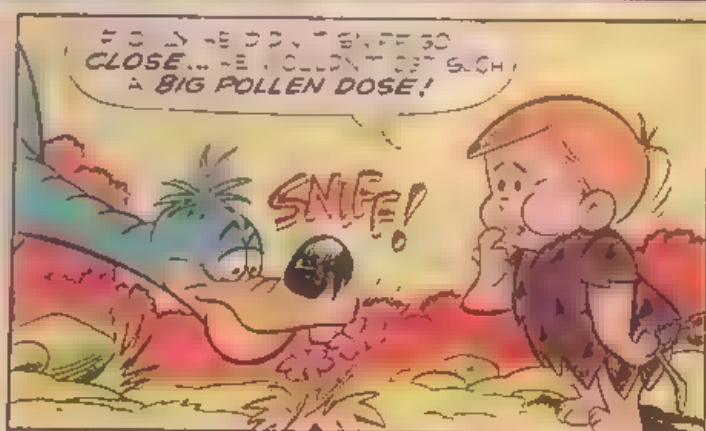
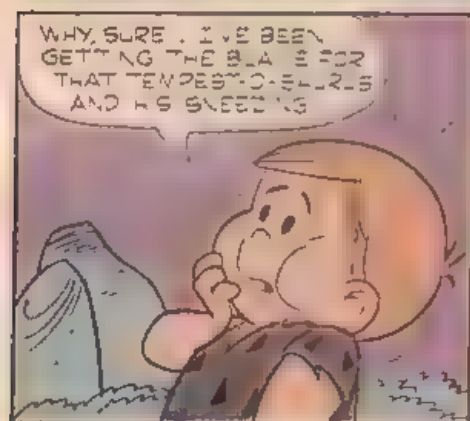
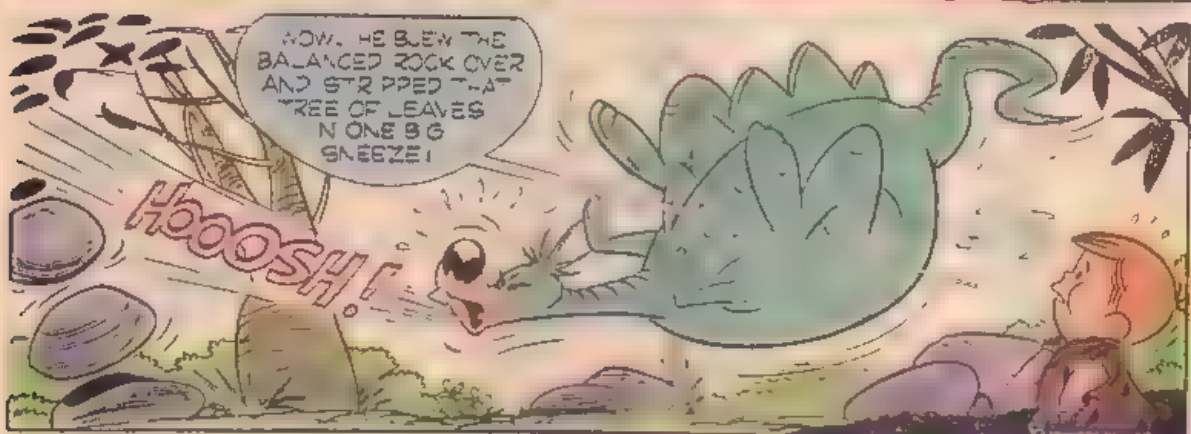
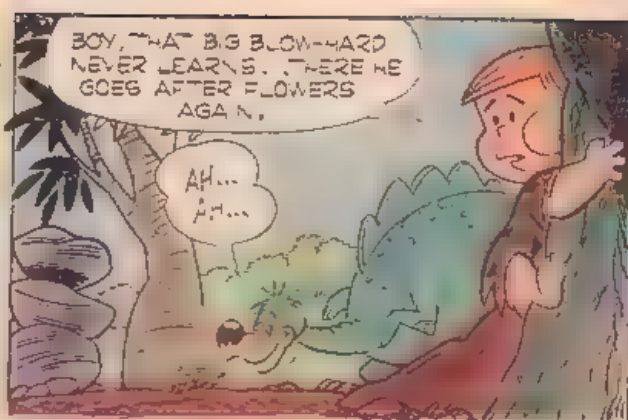
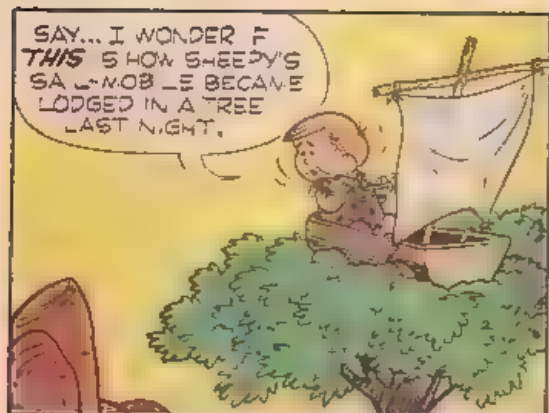
HE TURNED MY  
BROBATH OVER  
ON A PADDLE-  
BILLED  
TWEETER.

TWEEDLE!  
♪♪

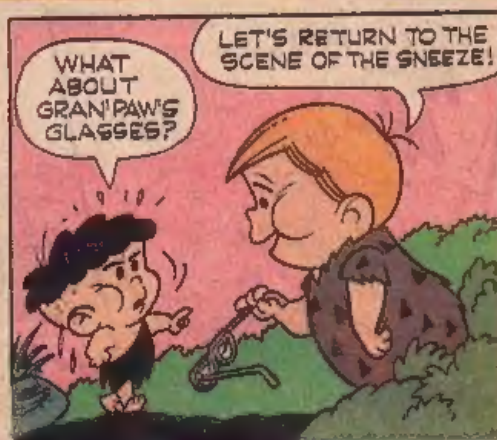
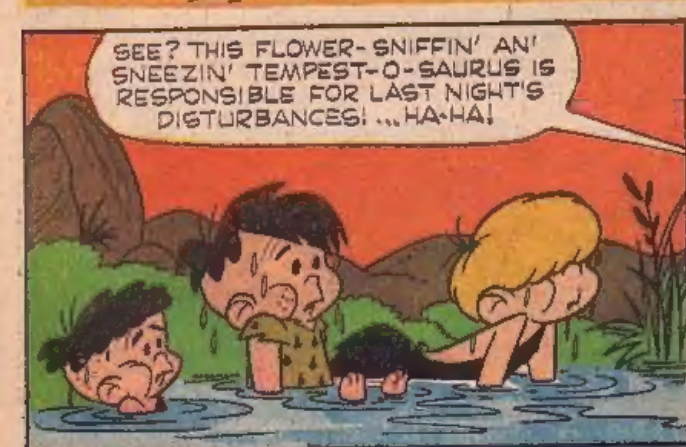
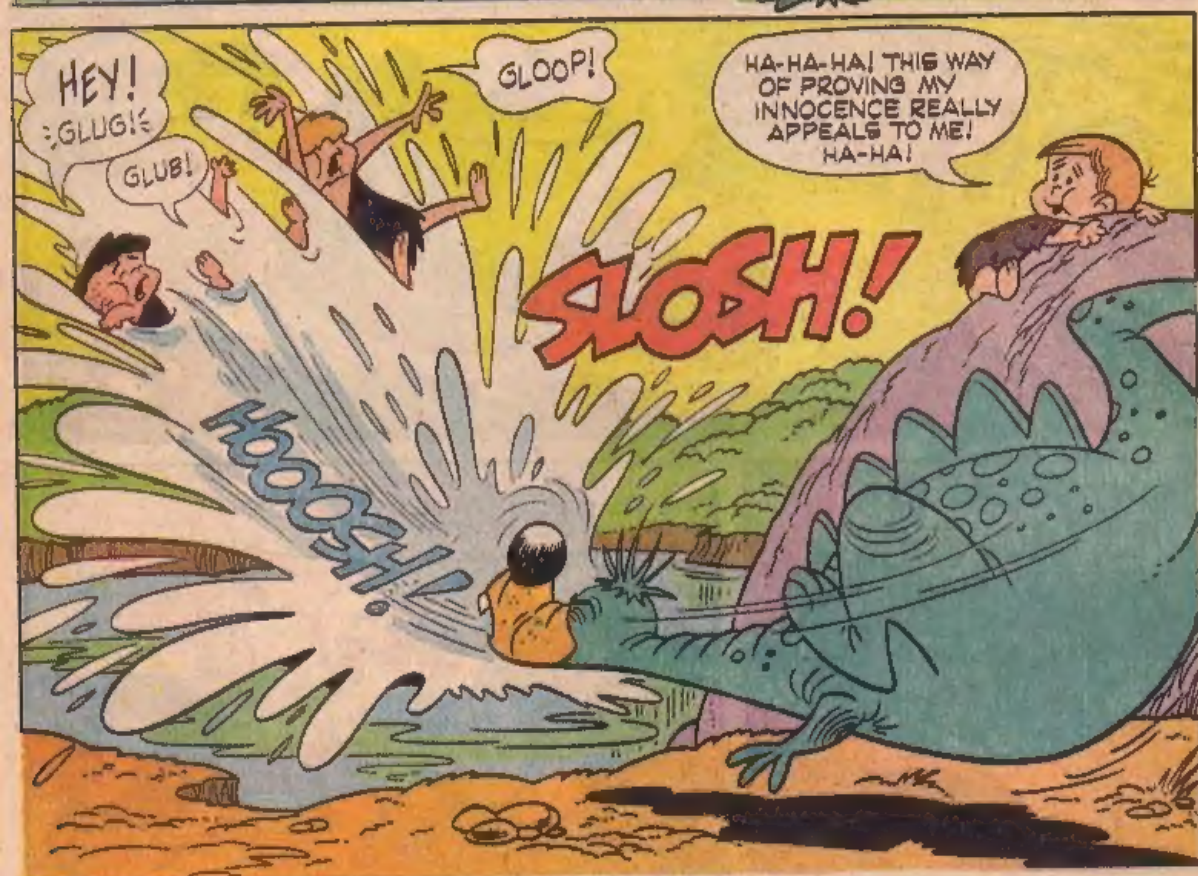
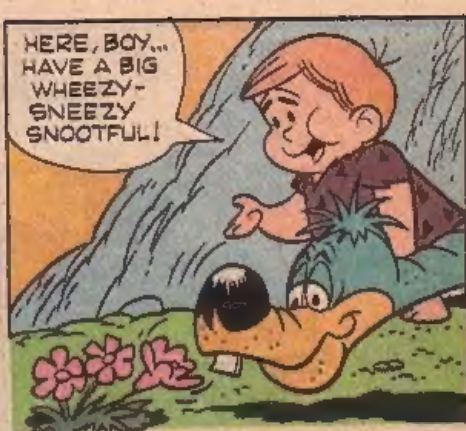




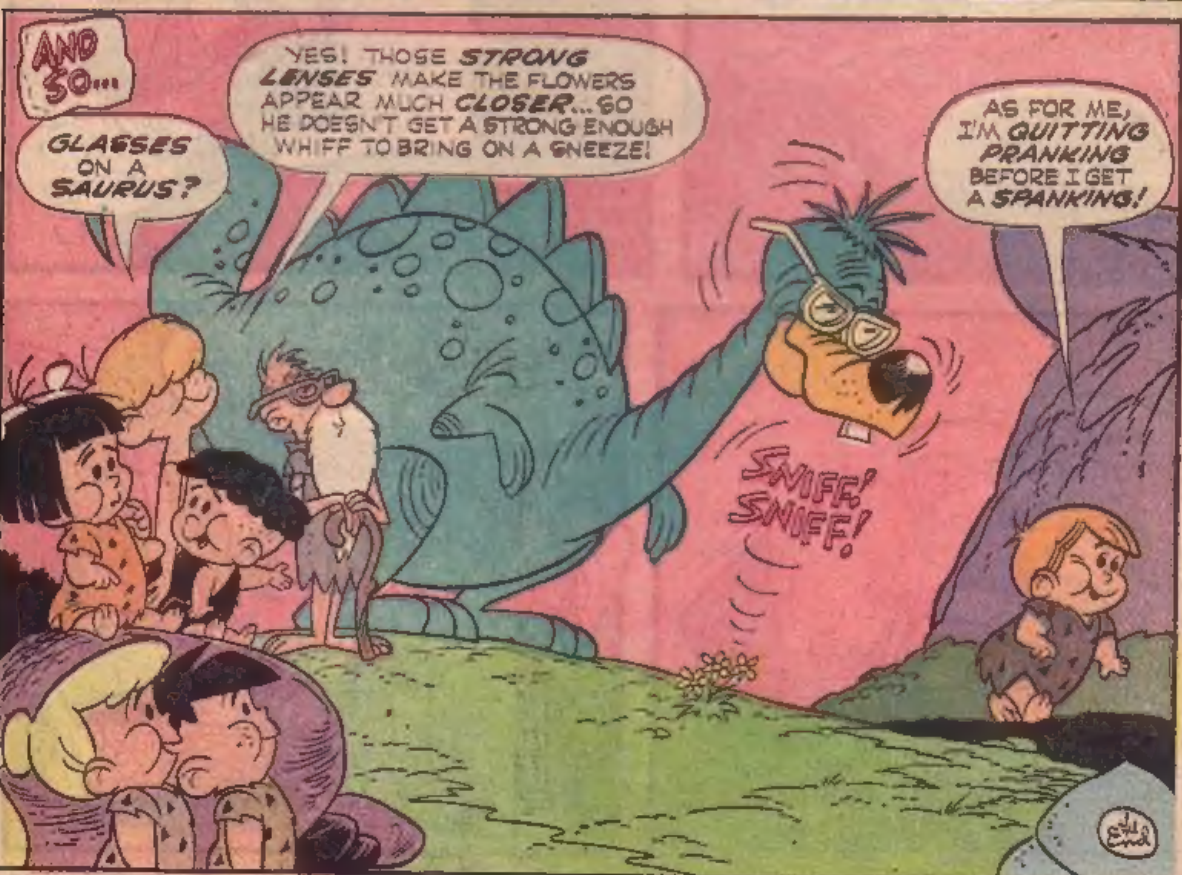
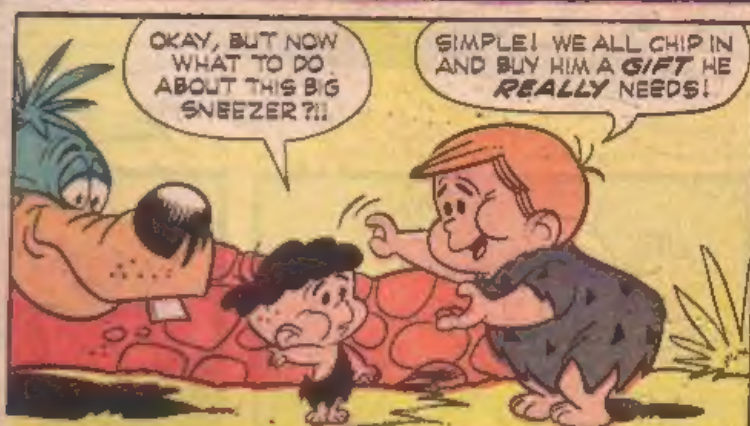
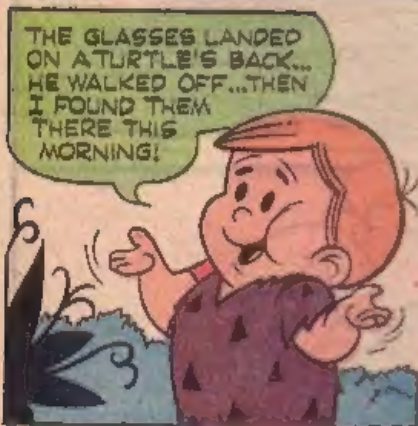






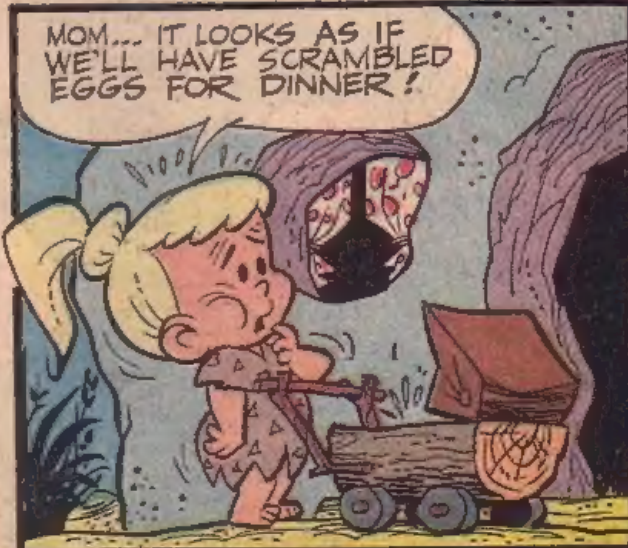
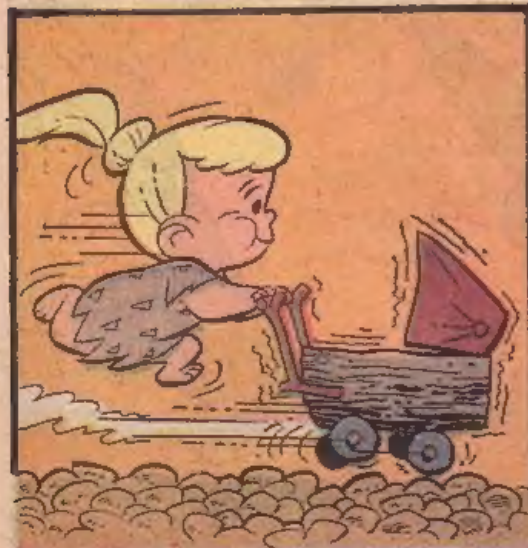
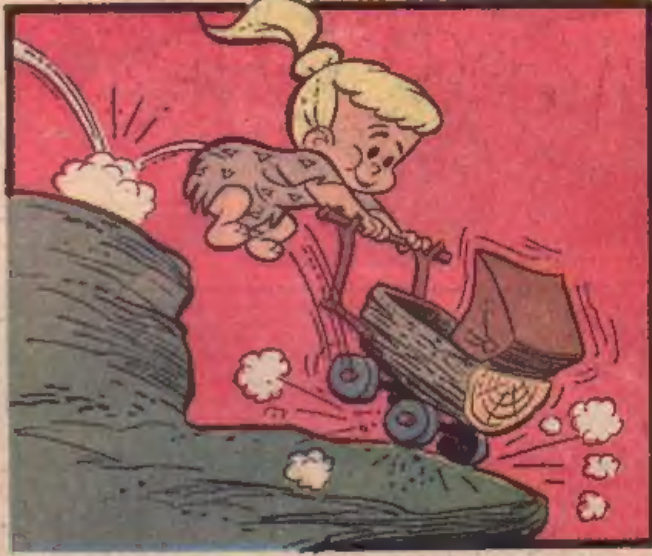
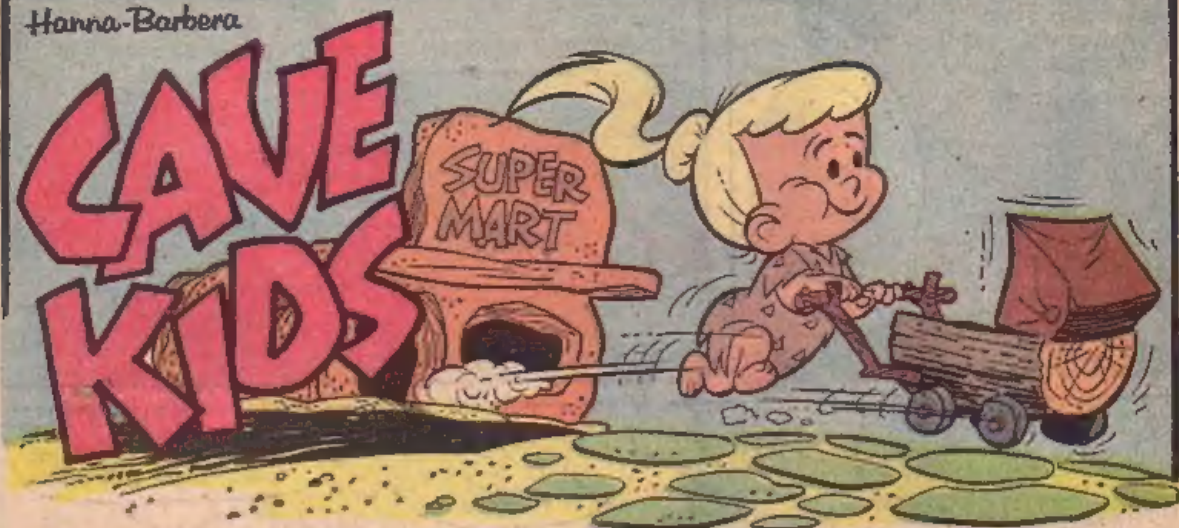








# CAVE KIDS





Hanna-Barbera

# CAVE KIDS

